Passages

Tripping in the Forest of Illusions

Lose yourself,
Lose yourself in this love.
When you lose yourself in this love,
you will find everything…

Lose yourself,
Lose yourself.
Escape from this earthly form,
For this body is a chain
and you are its prisoner.
Smash through the prison wall
and walk outside with the kings and princes…

Lose yourself,
Lose yourself at the foot of the glorious King.
When you lose yourself
before the King
you will become the King.
~Rumi the Sufi

Stephen T. McClard

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Dedicated to all Great-Grandfathers and Sattva the Wise

Contents

Introduction

Chapter 1 – The Joyous Lad: Emerging from Below

Chapter 2 – The Stainless Mind: Hunger for More

Chapter 3 – The Light-Maker: Animals of the Forest

Chapter 4 – The Radiant Intellect: Anger Removed

Chapter 5 – Difficult to Master: Kind Human

Chapter 6 – The Manifest Eye: Into the Heavens

Chapter 7 – Gone Afar: Learning the Name

Chapter 8 – The Immovable Nature: Realization of the Illusions

Epilogue

Glossary of Terms

Afterword

Seeds of Truth Essay

About the Author

Universal Dimensional Structure

TRANSENDENTAL MIND HENOSIS – FULLY AWAKE

10, 11, 12 – Absolute Mind of Invariance - BRAHMALOKA

Neutral / Positive Unmanifest (Dzogchen) – Born from Above

MIND - AWAKENING THOUGHT

(Sattva/Arūpa-loka) – ATMAN AS LORD – Israel

Mind in Translational Image Mirrored – Born from Below

9 – **Bodhisattva** – Folded Mind as Image of Absolute

8 – **Realization** – Branching Mind into Relative

7 – **Learning** – Line of Relatives into Time

TIME - DREAMING - SPEECH

(Rajas/Rūpaloka) – Vishnu – Babylon

Image of Mind into Time – Fallen Mind into Time/Space

6 – Heaven – Folded Timelines of All Beings –
Mara is Ruler (indeterminate wave function)

5 – Humanity – Branching Timelines of All Beings –
Each **Manu** Thinking in Illusion / Allusion
Choices (collapse of wave function into form)

4 – **Anger** – Line of Time into Form – **Yama** Judges

SPACE - SLEEPING - BODY

(Tamas/Kāmaloka) – Shiva – Egypt

Image of Process as Shadow of Mind into Form

3 – **Animality** – Form (3D Object)

2 – **Hunger** – Branch of line (2D Plane)

1 – **Hell** – Line (1D Line)

Introduction

This book is a true fiction time trip; a SciFi comedy, and philosophical discourse revealing the nature and underpinnings of reality. The book tells the story of Yuvan *'king; heir apparent'*, a young lad finding himself in the Kingdom of the Immortals. Emptied of his previous memories, he becomes refilled with new knowledge, wisdom, and understanding about reality, rediscovering his true Identity, nature, and unity with his love, Sophia.

Throughout the story, Yuvan receives hidden guidance from a light being known as Jivasatma *'Jiva as living breathing being; Atma as in higher self'*. With Jivasatma's help, Yuvan discovers Sophia *'personified as Wisdom'*, who is his soulmate in eternity. Guided toward this goal, an ongoing discourse is presented to Yuvan from an ancient Sage known as Sattva the Wise *'The True Being of reality'*.

Upon arriving in the Kingdom of the Eternal Immortal, Yuvan learns the parallel life story of Eshan Darsh *'Shiva as liberator and Krishna as the avatar'*, an elderly man sitting on a park bench next to a tree with a rope in his hand and a book in the other. Time-traveling to the birth of Eshan, Yuvan learns Eshan's life story from the position of the watcher. Shifting back and forth in various ways between the Kingdom of the Immortals, which is a timeless reality, and Eshan's temporal life on Earth, Yuvan learns of his own true identity, nature, and unity with Absolute existence.

The story in this book is finally a love story between Yuvan and his soul mate Sophia. To gain Sophia as his own, he must control his nature, learn his true identity as one with her own and finally emerge from the story a complete being. The primary star of this story is none of the characters you would expect. To know this, and the many unexpected twists to the story, you will need to read the book twice.

The first time through the book, you will be unaware of the significance of countless facts hidden from your view. After learning the twist to the story, you will then do as Yuvan did when time-traveling to Eshan's story. You will need to reread the book from your new perspective, now having eyes to see and ears to hear. The comedy in the story then multiplies exponentially with the new view provided by the context of the twists at the end. You will be somewhat lost the first time through, but this is the point. The mystery is the true reason for the narrative. Once you solve the mystery, the book then comes alive.

As an introduction to this book, it will be necessary to give a brief history of religions influencing the content itself. Religions share a common theme of redemption from the material and delivery of the child to the transcendental spiritual realm, which is a concept known as Henosis, or Apotheosis. When the child is ready, the infant becomes more than a child trapped in the material school of life.

The narrative of this book follows a broad array of religious views including Hinduism, Buddhism, Hermetica, Taoism, and the key to all four—The Christian story of the Advent of the Son, or his own transit back to unity with the Father. All religions hold keys to the understanding of the prime Son's Advent and how this relates to mankind, which is all of us as the host of the Lord. By bringing all of these keys together, a full understanding is revealed by the mystery of the Advent. The narrative of each religion is required in this story, bringing the reader an entirely new perspective to our hidden life in the Spiritual realms above.

Just as it will be necessary to read this book more than once to see the mystery hidden in the narrative, so too it will be necessary to reread your own life story in relation. This is a great book to show that we truly know nothing at all, and that's okay. The point is not to know, but to gain understanding and wisdom from the journey of an incomprehensibly complicated, yet very simple reality. My

attempt in this book is simple: to use real accounts from the history of religious experience to humorously elucidate the ineffable view we lack here in creation below. Of course, my view is incomplete, but astonishing details emerge about creation when the mind is free to imagine. **This is the point of the book.**

As the passages state, knowledge is free. Wisdom and understanding come at a price. Once we gain the latter two, the former knowledge is replaced with absolute. We wouldn't want it any other way. Trust must first be gained, which is the primary element of our story concerning Sophia and Yuvan finding their own faithful relationship based on love's law.

For those wanting to explore the religious aspects of this book, I will briefly describe a limited religious view below, giving pointers to ideas necessary for your research. I cannot use the pages of this book to fill in the blanks, but the story will do this nicely. Do a bit of research to inform yourself before the story begins. As well, research the many Sanskrit words used throughout the book for broader understanding. Rather than judge me for my view, develop your view according to your unique passages through life.

Language and Religion

My somewhat fictional comedy brings us a backstage pass into the world of the Svarga Loka, or the transitional school of the Sage, Sattva *'The True Single Higher Being'*. Sattva is the personality of the mind, or the identity of Brahma, the creative force behind all universes, ruling in all Kingdoms between Material and Spiritual planes of existence.

There are many twists and turns, so you will spoil the surprise if you read the Epilogue before you read the book. Believe me, you will want to read from world one to world eight first. Once you read the Epilogue, you then go back with the hidden mystery and veil pulled back, reading the book a second time with open eyes. You can only do this right once,

so don't ruin the only chance you have by reading spoilers ahead of the first narrative.

Now that you have these basic ideas, read the book with vision clarified. Lastly, remember this: Neither of us really know anything we are talking about, so the book is just great humor when we fail to understand what we are doing even trying to describe the ineffable God of creation. When you hear my words in the book pretend to know, just laugh at me without criticism. You don't know either, but we can surely learn by not knowing. It's the point of the mystery to solve: **seek, find, and adaptation.**

Evolution by design is mother necessity, or the mother of nature and learning. For a breadcrumb on this topic of seeking, finding, and adaptation by the mother of nature, see an ancient book on this topic known as the *Kore Kosmou* from Egypt. The Mother in nature outlined in the *Kore Kosmou* is always hidden and guarded, but if you can identify her as the Wisdom of God, you see your own mind in the process of becoming a true being by her care. As Solomon states in Proverbs, get Her above all else in life.

This is true fiction, after all, so laugh at me when I'm wrong and marvel when I get it right. Argue with yourself, because I'm drinking coffee and relaxing. Life is too short to worry about the knowledge we lack, which is freely given when we find Wisdom as a lover. Once wisdom is found within yourself, you too can claim faith in truth only, which is never incorrect. Faith in truth then releases your burden to find it apart from its own essence.

From Truth and Wisdom alone, traditions hold the power to transform the mind from Love. Doubt is then removed from the burden and bondage to ignorance. We can simply rest in the faith that truth is completely faithful to the good of all suffering beings, even if our burden to prove it so is challenged by doubt. Truth, after all, is true all the time. Faithful adherence to this fact alone is enough to rise to the

essence of wisdom, apart from the burden and bondage created by speculative divisions.

Disclosure in this book is an alien's mystery revealed. Realize that the spiritual being you are has migrated to this world, trapped in the illusion of ignorance. Far from being alone in this world, we are eternally connected with our source and love for wisdom, so sit back and know the entire story by its title, which is how all good books are formed first within the mind. Passages are always translated through the Book and Tree of Life. You'll know completely on the other side. For now, simply enjoy the spaces between the branches, and remember this: It's far better to have questions you can't answer than answers you fail to question.

Chapter 1

The Joyous Lad
Emerging from Below

"Atha yad ātmano Jijñāsus
tad idam brahmāivaham."

A King, in a kingdom not so different than the one you may find yourself in now, once desired to hear the greatest story ever told. His desire was delayed by the absence of the Sage, who was due at the King's gala to recount an important story. Knowing his Sage must have a good reason, the King remained patient.

Meanwhile, in the garden gazebo of the temple, on the celestial orb of the King, Sattva, and the temple librarian were enjoying a game of ten-dimensional chess. Their discussion revolved around many philosophical questions concerning the absolute nature of existence. Sattva then said, "Have you formulated an answer to the paradox of

the chicken and egg yet, Librarian? Which came first, the chicken or the coffee bean?"

The temple librarian was not amused, annoyed by the bantering about of the Sage with such trifles. "Aren't you supposed to be somewhere, Sage?"

Next to the Sage sat a snack bowl half full of mushrooms from the nearby Forest of Illusions. Sattva asks, "Would you like a mushroom, oh knowledgeable one of the universe?"

The librarian simply gave an annoyed look while he pondered the last move in the game, then replied, "You know I can't eat those or my head will implode. Have you given more consideration to the problem of Bhumi Loka yet, and shouldn't you have arrived at the King's Ball already?"

"I have nothing but time, and you're the one delaying me. Get this over with already." With this comment by the Sage, the librarian plays his last move and loses once again.

Sattva says, "Reset the board, update the characters, and I'll be back after the ball to give you another chance to guess how this story ends."

Mounting his flying lemur, the Sage departs. Arriving at the Ball with an apologetic greeting to the King, Sattva takes his seat.

Ready to now hear this story from his Sage, the King announces this auspicious story, then reposed the court after the meal. Sattva takes his seat before the court and begins his narrative.

"Thus, have I heard."

> An intelligent young lad once found himself in a dimly lit temple, wandering about looking for his way. Before this, he could only remember waking from slumber in the grass of the temple courtyard. Walking down a narrow hallway, he

entered the chamber of the most wise Sage, Sattva, seated in blissful meditation near a comforting fire.

Noticing the boy as he approached, wise Sattva opened his eyes and looked down from his seat upon this confused soul's face. With a compassionate eye of complete understanding, he welcomed the boy with no words, but only a warm smile.

"Sir," the boy timidly asked, "Where am I? Why am I here? What is this place and who might you be?"

Sattva answered, "I am Sattva the Wise, the humble minister to the King. You are in the temple of the King, and an honored guest here in the Eternal Kingdom of the Immortal. Who do you say that you are if you dare to tell me?"

Confused and bewildered, the lad tried to find the answer to this most perplexing question, but only remembered waking up in the temple courtyard grass.

Sattva, fully seeing into the young boy's bewilderment, said, "Come, sit here in front of me and I'll tell you the story of a confused soul, much like yourself, who found his way home in a dark and lonely world. This will be the greatest story ever told if you truly understand a story such as this. If you pay attention, the token of this tale will lead you to an incalculable treasure hidden within the walls of this temple. The treasure will be yours to have if you find it."

Continuing this enigmatic exchange, the Sage gave the boy a clue to his allusion, noticing that his curiosity had been aroused. With great reverence, he informed the guest, "Your name, as I know it to be here, is Yuvan. After you hear my story, you can tell me if a name such as this is agreeable with you here in the Kingdom of the Immortal."

Unaware of the significance of this auspicious event, the young guest graciously took his seat beside the flickering fire, joyfully anticipating the wise Sage's tale. At this

moment, Yuvan forgot his worries and confusion, warming himself by the fire, admiring the soothing compassion of the Sage.

"May I begin this happiest and joyful story?"

"Yes Sage, please do."

The story began, as all great stories do, with the seemingly tragic tale of a good life gone wrong. A seemingly tragic tale, because appearances do not always tell the whole of a story, at least not the sort of story we might expect by the end. No, this story had an end like its beginning, where the treasure and token lay hidden in the mist of time.

Sattva began, "One fine evening, just as the sun was about to set on an Earthly city below, I gazed down from the pinnacle of the temple tower and noticed a lonely old man with a rope in one hand and a book in the other, sitting on a bench with a sullen and seeking heart. Noticing the rope, and a nearby tree, it was clear to me what was about to occur on this very evening."

Interrupting, Yuvan asked, "I bet you thought he was going to hang himself? I was hoping for a happy story, or maybe a comedy. This seems like a tragedy if I were to guess."

Sattva exclaimed, "This is a most auspicious story, I assure you! Joyful in fact! A tragic comedy of sorts, it could be construed, but you can decide this for yourself at the end."

Yuvan wondered silently, "What was this man's name?"

Sattva continued, "Eshan, as he was called, was from the royal family of Darsh. Eshan wasn't always this sad. Years ago, when he was your age, he was a happy child with everything he could ever desire, living in a rich household with many servants. On this day, however, his entire world had turned upside down. Now you may think that an upside-down world is an unfortunate set of events, but in

this case, the end of his quest on that day was truly the beginning of his good fortune, as well as the good fortune of his entire world.

"You see, Eshan was seeking the answer to a question – the one question without an answer, the one question never to be asked. If the answer to this question is ever discovered by a living soul, that person must die. Despite this, Eshan needed to know the answer, despite the cost, because he knew the question to be asked. The very day he knew to ask the question is the day his journey ended where it began. No one can resist the quest for this answer. Life, as you will find, is a circle."

Yuvan, without hesitation, asked, "What's the question that should never be asked?"

"If I told you the question," said the chuckling Sage, "I would be asking it. It's best if you ask, which you almost did if you will recall our conversation the last time you were here. Perhaps you have other questions for me regarding where you are or the treasure hidden within these walls."

Perplexed, Yuvan began to rewind his newly formed memories to the beginning of the conversation with the Sage. He could only remember being in the grass, then wandering into the temple complex, down the hall, and into this very chamber. Not recalling a previous conversation, his mind quickly returns to the temple and its treasure, which made him forget his question.

"Where am I again and how come I have no previous memories to draw from my mind? How is it I know what a temple is, and the significance of the treasure of which you speak, but I cannot remember so many other things? I'm so confused, yet continually drawn into this somehow familiar time with you. Where does my knowledge originate? Have I known you before today?"

The Sage gladly answered these questions by giving Yuvan a description of the temple and the reality in which it resides, leaving no relevant detail understated. Opening his

palm, a projection of the entire kingdom came alive above his hand. Yuvan could see what the sage was saying in the image. After a long mental tour of the kingdom within the image, he continued with these words:

"We are now residing in the Kingdom of the Eternal Immortal, or the Svarga Loka, which is a pure land for universal beings and worlds still finding their way, beginning the eternal process of awakening to truth and love. In the middle way of this infinite kingdom's expanse lies an enormous tree bearing every kind of fruit you can imagine, from every corner of the lower universe. The roots of this tree extend to the opposite side of our reality and comprise the entire universe of all earthly kingdoms, both pure and impure.

"This tree, known as the *Ashvattha* 'Peepul Tree', or Ficus Religiosa, is the source of spirit and breath in each garden world where life is planted. Pure worlds have access to the fruit of knowledge from the book and tree, but impure worlds do not yet have this access. A flaming sword of decay and death protects the Tree of Life from impure worlds, although there are limited ways to access the tree in the mind. Many sages across countless ages have found their way here by simply focusing the mind on their love of wisdom and truth.

"Many other pure universes exist beyond this Kingdom for you to eventually explore, but this is for eternity future. This Kingdom will prepare you to migrate on in time, beyond this central transit point of reality. The only way to our kingdom's material universe is through the gateway hidden in the middle of the tree's trunk, below the Book of Life, which is resting in the cleft of the only branch to have ever been removed from the tree. When the time is right, you will also be able to transit between Kingdoms in other universes.

"The Book of Life is preparing you now to enter a pure land of your own, which is the goal of every being in the universe before finally moving on to other Kingdoms. From the book's pages, you will find all knowledge and stories from every transitional life that has ever been lived or ever will be lived in this Kingdom, including your own, held in the mind of our temple librarian. The book always knows your desire and will present its pages as visions in your mind. Reading

is unnecessary but will get you started if you desire to know the beginning from the end.

"You will quickly realize that you are often the only one present in the courtyard. Just as the book knows your need for knowledge, the Kingdom knows the set and setting needed everywhere you are. If you find yourself alone in the garden, in truth, there are countless beings there enjoying it with you, yet not visible to your perception. You do not see them unless you wish or need to see them, or someone else wishes to see you. Countless beings without end occupy the kingdom, yet you only see those you need to interact with or know as friends and family"

"Why is this Sage?"

"Close your eyes and I will reveal the totality of beings here in the Kingdom. This view can only be maintained for a brief moment, so be prepared."

> Just as Yuvan closes his eyes, the entire kingdom from end to end appears, with the totality of beings and views in one Absolute and timeless awareness. This view cannot be described here in words. Yuvan opens his eyes, astonished at the infinity of the totality of the kingdom. Limitless is the only word next to ineffable we could use to describe this view Yuvan witnessed, yet his vision only took in a glimmer off the edge of the true expanse.

"You now see this clearly for yourself, but you will not be able to retain this view beyond the moment you received it. The reason is now clear to you why you only see the areas and beings you require to see at any given moment of timelessness."

"I am speechless Sage. There is no limit to how a being could find enjoyment here, nor is there an end to infinite migration between other worlds, galaxies, and even universes. I now understand why I am here in your magnificent abode."

"Kingdoms are not owned by anyone in this loka Yuvan, nor are any of the buildings or dwellings personal property in pure lands. Rather, they are all here for various purposes such as beauty, enjoyment, or countless other uses needed or desired by its inhabitants. It is an endless territory with endless varieties of life and enjoyment. Every galaxy below is reflected here in perfection. The fruit on the tree is the fruit you see here, containing the essence of its existence in all worlds.

"The fruit on the tree comprises the essence and seeds from every living plant on every world in the vast universe below, yet each fruit is unique from all other fruit growing on the tree. When a piece of fruit falls, the being belonging to the fruit enters the courtyard. Reading the book, the being then departs to a material world, unaware of the exact nature of the quest. No being here will resist the desire to partake of the fruit falling from the tree. Each celestial being knows when it's time for a quest, and is honored to have been chosen for the journey. In truth, countless beings are entering and exiting the tree continually, but hidden from your view.

"Souls enter and exit through the tree's gateway, migrating in the universe and returning as needed for more fruit. Some will leave for the sake of benefitting another, while others are merely fulfilling a desire for experiences, both good and bad. Some will leave for personal reasons, only known to them alone. For others, the need for wisdom and understanding is required, which is the reason the Book of Life exists in the cleft of the only branch to be cut from the tree. Both the book and the tree work in uniform relation with the other. Awareness in the universe below is directly relative to both the being's desire and the vision they require.

"The book of knowledge is free, asking no payment. All things on this side of reality can only give, but never take, so knowledge is given as required. This reality is a cause only, never a result. Knowledge will come to you on this topic of *Satkāryavāda*, or the necessity of eternal becoming translation of itself. Because this side of reality is eternal and absolute, no karma is possible, but only joy and bliss continually. For this reason, souls take their various journeys to the other side, finding the eternal from the transient

directly from experience. In this way, cause is effect and effect is cause. Love is the cause and effect is the shadow of the cause. That's all.

"Similarly, a book contains invariant content, but must be translated by the reader for true understanding. Many dependencies are required to fully understand the eternally real truth. In many earthly books, this cause of *Satkāryavāda* is known as baptism and samsara, or rising to new life above from struggle and necessity below. Sit and think on this as you need, but realize this: appreciation for eternal reality is by frame of reference, which can only be gained by relative view, which is the essence of your kinsman as oneness in the eternal absolute reality. All requires its parts to be seen and known fully. Otherwise, emptiness cannot also be full. You will soon know as you are known, but not without the struggle to see clearly."

> Yuvan continued to silently contemplate how he understood the terms karma and samsara, yet could not remember where he had learned them. Each time the Sage mentioned a concept, Yuvan's mind knew the meaning completely. He marveled at the experience; the way his mental garden was blooming, then eagerly asked more questions.

"If knowledge is free, why do souls migrate from this boundless reality of bliss? If all desires are met here, and no karma is possible, then why… why leave? This seems impossible to resolve."

"Such insight! Why indeed! Knowledge is free, as you are coming to realize. You merely think of a concept and the awareness of the concept is in your mind. True as true can be, all the knowledge of existence is here and now, in unity with your desire to know. When knowledge is needed, you realize you have it already, instantly accessed. Better stated, it is already in you, which is why you possess an awareness of things seen and named in creation. While knowledge is free, wisdom and understanding come at a price. This price is a prerequisite for all beings on this side of reality. As a great Sage once said, "For every joy, there is a price to pay. For every price you pay, there is joy." Suffering is the price to pay, but suffering can be

overcome by absolutes. Indeed, the wisdom and understanding sought in this universal school is this: Absolute!"

> Yuvan continued to think, realizing he still did not know his origin. While this bothered him, he was so enamored by the Sage that he could not stop himself from desiring more of his words. The thought of his origin faded. He went back to the words about suffering, knowing he was feeling total peace with the Sage.

"But there is no suffering here in this place, which I can feel directly in my being. And also, what need is there of a treasure if all things are provided in this kingdom?"

"The treasure is found in the Absolute Yuvan. As an example, let me give you an easy way to see this. Patience is defined as a person's threshold before turning angry or frustrated. If you say you have patience, but turn to anger easily, you cannot say you have patience. You have only slight patience, not absolute patience. Absolute patience is tied to unconditional love. If you place conditions on your love for others, you do not have absolute love, but turn angry easily. This is the way wisdom works, but not without fully understanding the tree and the book it holds within.

"Wisdom is a practice requiring belief, hearing, time, host, place, and audience. Practice with all six leads to mastery. When the student is ready, the master appears. You are both a student learning by practice, and a master when you arrive in your future to meet yourself between now and the past. It's always the day after yesterday, so now is the time to practice. This mystery is held in the realization of the eye as the *drk* and the world as the *dṛśya*. Enlightenment is the truth that the mind is dependent on both the illuminator parallel to the one illuminating it.

"Seeking self is knowing self, which is the quest to know the one borrowing consciousness and the illumination lending it to us. Ownership is realization and liberation. *Liber* is the inner bark of a tree, or the *drk*, which is the eye of the object seeing. *Liber* also means the book and the chapters written as rings in the tree. Finally, *Liber*

is the quest to free the mind with the ultimate understanding it is the tree, the book, and the one reading. Looking inside is looking back to your first face before creation, or the process to see the *pratyag*, which is the reason for self-realization. This is the quest for liberation: the knowledge of *drk* and *dṛśya* as one, both tree and book as the reader's eye seeing itself.

"Turn and look at yourself Yuvan, which is *viveka*, or your ability to see by the light of wisdom and understanding. Look toward the corrected view of your true being from the quest to become what you already are. Wisdom requires the quest, just as the very word "quest" is contained in the questions you ask. The answer is always in the question. Nothing more and nothing less. You will ever scratch the itch to answer this question until you free yourself to see it by the answer you realize."

"I can't say I fully understand, but I sure love the way you say it," responds Yuvan.

"And there's so much more of you to know! You are the sum total of this entire kingdom, as are all of its inhabitants. We are each part and parcel of the whole of reality, but not to its true treasure. To understand this, however, requires the quest. It does no good for me to just tell you this but requires your participation to realize fully. In time, you hear this again in your mind and know how it fits together. As the growth of your bean, so the turning of your world revolves."

Yuvan continues to think about his origin, finally asking the sage about this concern. "Sage, I understand about this kingdom now, but I am wondering about my origin. Where have I come from and where will I go?"

Fully anticipating this question, the Sage tells Yuvan, "In time, you will again remember your past. You can lose nothing here but only gain. You woke up here in this kingdom to find a treasure. The requirement for finding it is first being empty and in poverty of mind. Have I already filled you back up with good words?"

"Yes, Sage, very good words. I am eager for more."

With this explanation, Yuvan was satisfied. The Sage continues.

"As I stated earlier, there is a vast treasure for you to find, a treasure of incalculable reward for you to possess. It resides right here in this temple with us now, but you will need to consult the Book of Life to find the clues for seeking. For now, allow me to describe the King of this kingdom for you, although no description can fully describe the indescribable. You find yourself here by exploration and fellowship with others. I may have said too much already. Do you want to hear more?"

"There's a King here?" asked Yuvan.

"Why yes! How could there be kingdoms if there were no Kings? Being a king is simply the nature to rule one's self with love and wisdom. Better stated, our kingdom is represented by this very fact in the person of The Thrice Great King and His court, who are here for you to meet when ready."

Entirely missing Sage's point, Yuvan wondered, "Will I meet this King and his court now? I'm hardly prepared to meet anyone."

Sattva motioned to a side room. "In the room, find a new robe and turban. Put them on in place of what you are wearing now."

Emerging in his new robe and turban, Yuvan felt newly remade and alert. A certain sense of thankfulness washed over him. The robe and turban seemed to be familiar and welcomed as a gift from the Sage. By now, any concerns clouding his mind were gone, replaced with eager anticipation for the adventure he was sure he would have in this magical kingdom. He wondered if it was all a wonderful dream.

Continuing, Sattva went on to describe the King. "The King is a Monarchy with nothing above, The Immortal Spirit of all intent for the good, the Father of this Kingdom, above all visible and named

things, the sum total of all things good, Absolute in every way and the unchanging essence of all changing things.

"Is this clear to you, Yuvan?"

"Why is this knowledge not like the rest I have immediately come to know? If the King is unchanging, how can he reside and rule changing things? This seems like a paradox in my mind. How can a King move about, rule a kingdom, or even speak without changing position? Can he not move? My mind is not seeing this clearly, as with the other things you have said. How does this King appear when seen? I seem blind to this image in my mind."

Sattva was delightfully humored at Yuvan's response, which he readily anticipated.

"You now possess the need to understand by wisdom, which requires the quest for understanding. Your quest for the answer to the question is your desire to know the one question you must never ask. Your journey is initiated. Say no more for now, and later, I will answer your last questions about the unchanging nature of the Ruler. For now, contemplate under the tree for a bit, which is where you started.

"When you rise, find the Book of Life and read Canto One from the tale of Eshan Darsh. The book will open itself to the correct passage when you arrive, and the poem of Eshan will be read as both a story and vision to your mind. Return here when you have viewed his wonderful and joyful beginning. I will brew some Ambrosia to drink as we continue our conversation. No need to hurry, and feel free to explore the temple complex. Time is not of this essence, so there's nothing to spend or pay for my endless patience. Be as you will."

Standing, Yuvan bowed, then turned and exited. As he walked away, he awkwardly regretted bowing. "Was it even necessary?" he wondered.

Just as the thought crossed his mind, he realized the necessity. This one act of involuntary reflex became understanding, accompanied by great

respect for the Sage. He was suddenly humbled by his chance encounter with this great Muni. As he drew near to the courtyard entrance, a brilliant glow emanated around the opening of the entryway.

"Had this glow been there before?"

No sooner did he think the question, than he realized the glow was emanating from the fruit on the now visible Tree of Life. Without memories from the past, Yuvan knew this was nothing he had ever witnessed, nor had he ever experienced the awe and wonder received by simply being in the presence of this mighty tree.

"Such a tree has never been seen," he imagined. A true joy to watch, with dazzling illuminated fruit; birds of every type flying about and every manner of living being adorning its every leaf and branch. It was a sight to behold. Accompanying this sight were all the feelings of love and adoration from all of the beings around the tree, experienced equally by Yuvan in that sublime moment. No light from the sun was necessary; no shadows are seen because the light from the tree illuminated every inch of the kingdom.

"How had I missed this when awakening below its branches?"

Below the branches of the tree, set into a knot from the only branch to have ever been removed from the tree, rested the Book of Life open to the eyes of a being of light, standing with focused awareness into its pages and passages.

The being of light standing in front of the book was more beautiful than Yuvan could begin to imagine, and his name was known – but how, Yuvan could not understand. The being's name was Jivasatma. In his right hand, an orb-shaped fruit from the tree lit up, as if prompting Jivasatma to enter the gateway at the base of the trunk. As suddenly as this wonderous sight had appeared, the entire mood of the courtyard changed and Yuvan was alone under the branches

> of the tree, the courtyard only dimly lit, with Jivasatma nowhere to be seen. As if vanishing into thin air, the entire kingdom was silent, prompting Yuvan to intuitively rest and think. Yuvan took his seat, nestled into the cleft of a root, and closed his eyes under the Book of Life. It was then he noticed something profound.
>
> When his eyes were closed, he appeared to be sitting in a large meadow, surrounded by magnificent mountains, seen with vision in every direction. When he again opened his eyes, he was back in the courtyard.

"That's odd," he reasoned. He continued to blink between the two environments, entertained by the experience. Even the temperature and air changed, yet he had no fear or confusion. This seemed oddly familiar.

A thought occurred to him, "What if I open one eye, and close the other?"

> No sooner did he do the deed than he instantly apprehended both scenes at once, with no limit to perception or clarity. His amazement produced a hunch. Sensing that the tree may be giving him the vision, he settled into the grass beyond the roots of the tree, closed his eyes, and instantly entered into a deep meditative state. Calm, empty, and without a thought, he reposed with complete Being and total timeless rejuvenation.

Chapter 2
The Stainless Mind
Hunger for More

Moments later – or possibly a century later, he could not tell – Yuvan opened his eyes to view the Tree of Life before him again. The Book of Life was open to the passage Sattva cited, and the atmosphere around the tree was changed to daytime. Above, an endless sky, full of colors beyond normal hues, with all sorts of lovely flying creatures moving about in graceful flight.

Although Yuvan did not yet grasp the significance of the story to come, he became witness to a rare event, as one special child is born on Christmas day. From the pages of the Canto, a child of this distinction celebrates a second Christmas on their first birthday, which is a gift given twice.

Yuvan rose to his feet and approached the book. Gazing at the open Canto, he closed his eyes once again, transported to a new view observing Eshan being born on Christmas morning. Feeling great joy for his birth, Yuvan could sense both the fear of Eshan and the pain of the mother giving birth. Both mother and child were suffering, mixed with the same palette of emotions shared by all in the room.

Present in the room, Yuvan could see Eshan's loving mother, the midwife working and Jivasatma standing silently in the corner of the room as if floating just above the floor. Yuvan was aware of all those present in the room – their emotional senses, visual perspectives, and simultaneous feelings of pain and joy. The only one he could not sense was Jivasatma, and he soon realized he was the only one in the room who could see the light being's form. The form emanated by this celestial being in the material world was not as before at the tree. Only a shadow of the previous light body was present. No one could see Yuvan as far as he knew.

This scene gave way to the immediate knowledge of all events taking place in Eshan's young life, accompanied by all the pain, suffering, laughter, joy, sorrow, fear, and various interactions with everyone he came in contact with across the early years of his life. Not only did Yuvan sense this in Eshan, but all other persons associated with the child's story over the next five years. It was as if Yuvan occupied the view of all characters in the story, along with accompanying thoughts and desires. The sensation was truly overwhelming to manage, yet oddly inspirational to behold.

Yuvan quickly understood that his general demeanor was that of suffering, stress, and a constant feeling of heavy negativity toward life. Despite the occasional joy felt by those in Eshan's seemingly happy story, suffering was the realized mood of the people. All those associated with Eshan's life had both inner joys and struggles, with various outer sensations to match.

No day was ever the same but revealed the constant sway of changing states. Set against the knowledge of constant bliss on the other side, this dual view of both kingdoms gave Yuvan a great sense of compassion for those living on Bhumi Loka, or the world Eshan's family called Earth. Truly, Earth is a contradiction to the only other environment Yuvan had known since arriving beneath the tree. This was both a pure and impure world; a contradiction revolving around a compassionate sun.

Just as Yuvan began to yearn for the bliss of the other side, a strange sensation enveloped him. It was as if the threads of Eshan's life were gently unraveling, the vibrant tapestry of experiences fading into a soft, distant hum. The world around him dissolved into a swirling kaleidoscope of colors and sounds, a

whirlwind of sensations that carried him away from the bustling marketplace and the weight of Eshan's sorrows. When the swirling subsided, he found himself standing before the open book once more, his gaze drawn upwards to the ethereal glow of the Eternal Kingdom. His senses returned, sharpened and strangely clarified, yet the echoes of Eshan's suffering lingered, a poignant reminder of the depths of human experience. The compassion he felt for the old man, the weight of his despair, remained heavy on his heart, a bittersweet residue of his journey through another life. His compassion and memory of the suffering remained heavy on his heart.

Yuvan returned to Sage's chamber, again noticing the Sage opening his eyes with a warm smile.

"I've prepared some ambrosia for us to drink, that is if you need fortification."

Sattva poured a steaming cup of the drink, which had a strong aroma Yuvan could now recognize from his visit to the Bhumi Loka.

"Is this coffee?" asked Yuvan.

"Indeed, but not just any coffee. This is the ambrosia of the immortals. This drink is made from the essence of every coffee bean across every world, from every mountaintop in the entire existence of all loka in all directions. This Fabaceae family of seed was the first seed planted, in the first world to turn, in the setting forth of the general inertia of the lower universe. This seed is the reason the worlds revolve. If this seed were to ever be removed from a world, inertia on that world would end."

Yuvan, perplexed and somewhat doubtful of this description, replied, "I am unaware of this knowledge until now. I am doubting what you say for the first time since we met. This is not appearing in my mind as other facts have appeared."

Giving a hearty laugh, Sattva assures Yuvan he is only speaking in metaphor. Realizing he had been gullible to this sudden humor; Yuvan was enamored by Sage's colorful personality.

"Perhaps you should try the drink before casting too many judgments."

At this prompting, Yuvan took his first sip of the otherworldly brew and immediately stood to his feet and danced. Gathering himself with wide-open eyes, the feeling of total bliss engaged. The suffering of his compassion for Eshan had passed into the exuberance of this magical beverage.

"Oh! This is good. Wow! I've never…it's just amazing. I could taste the coffee on Earth through those drinking it, but this…this is something else."

Again, Sattva shook up and down as he laughed with joy for Yuvan's reaction to the ambrosia. They both enjoyed this new mood together, becoming friends over their enjoyment of the drink.

The humorous conversation continued, and Yuvan began to think back to the birth of Eshan. He began to wonder about the tree and the gateway to the material realm.

"Sage, I am wondering about the gateway through the Tree of Life. I noticed a light-being named Jivasatma exiting through the tree before I approached the area. Just as you stated, he held a fruit in his hand and briefly read a passage, particular only to him, so I could not tell the contents of the passage he read. He then exited through the gateway. When later I gazed upon the book myself, I was transported to the vision of Jivasatma, a shadow of his previous glory, hovering above the floor and watching the birth of Eshan on Christmas day."

The Sage interrupts, “Such an auspicious event! Two Christmas celebrations by his first birthday. This is a fortunate event for you to witness on both sides of his first year of life. Continue.”

“Who is Jivasatma? How did Eshan arrive on the Bhumi Loka? Did he too travel the gateway of the tree? Why was Jivasatma there?”

The Sage explains this to him by again drawing him toward the treasury of the Immortals.

“Good! You now ask the questions leading to the treasury. Jivasatma as you call him departed the gateway on a mission, but I cannot yet tell you the exact nature of this mission. As you witnessed, he was present at every moment of Eshan’s life, as far as you have witnessed. He said nothing and monitored the young child’s progress. He seemed to perform no actions. He was merely present, acting with no action; acting with no attachment to the fruit of his actions, which were no actions you could see. He merely watches in unity as a witness so to speak. There are many other reasons he was there, but I save this for later in our discussion.

“At the transit point of the gateway, you witnessed the other side of the Tree of Life. Sparing the details of this exit out the gateway, suffice it to say the Mother is the tree on the other side. As only a tree can do, the mother gives her life to sustain the child in his own life and journey. Just as this tree sustains us here on this side of creation, the mother provides both nature and nurture for her living fruit.

“You no doubt noticed Jivasatma was no longer carrying the fruit in his hand, so you might guess another of his reasons for being there. He was delivering the ‘coffee bean’ so to speak, for brewing in the cup. The mother, as you now see, is the cup of life, and the body emerging is the bread broken. This bread basket is never empty. Jivasatma delivers the essence but is himself not the essence in any way. Similar, but not the bean. See him as the bean’s assistant in the form of a coffee pot filling the cup.”

They both laugh a bit at the metaphor of the coffee bean.

"The conception of the fruit took place in a time before you witnessed Eshan coming out the other side of the Tree of Life, a private matter only Jivasatma could witness."

The Sage again chuckles, but quickly restrained himself. Yuvan already knew the reason for this laugh, but composed himself perfectly, giving no indication of his teeth clinching his tongue. His eyes informed the Sage of his newly formed knowledge.

Sattva again prompted Yuvan to ask more questions.

"I understand so far and am thoroughly surprised I did not notice the gateway of the tree. My first impression was only of the child being held in the midwife's hands, nestled in the mother's arms. In a way, this is like the branches of the tree holding the fruit. It's beautiful now that I see it for myself. Do I speak understanding and wisdom, Sage?"

Sattva gladly acknowledges his realization. "Yes! This is wisdom at its finest. What other wisdom did you gain while traveling to the lower loka?"

"I also noticed a new feeling I had not sensed before, similar to your humor about the ambrosia, and the time I could not perceive before Eshan's birth. I know this feeling now as compassion, which could only be seen by the light of the suffering I witnessed. Such darkness is not present on this side of reality, yet compassion continues in my heart. I know it to now be part of my being, but this is not something I learned from the tree on this side."

Again, without words, Sattva acknowledges this insight with a simple nodding smile. "You have developed compassion in your other mind, which is not an easily gained trait. The heart is turbulent and untamed. Wisdom tames the heart. As you remember, I told you Karma of the negative variety cannot be experienced here, but Karma of the positive kind can be brought back to this place as fruit. You

can remember the record, or memory of the good you gain, but the record of wrongs is never kept here. It can only be kept on the other side, which is how so many beings become temporarily trapped on the other side."

"Trapped?" asked Yuvan.

The Sage revises his statement to assure Yuvan of the temporary nature of continued experience in a state of suffering.

"Bondage would be a better term, but trapped is something a hunter does when capturing prey. Animals can be tamed, like a heart learning to love. Hunted animals are often consumed for food, and all experience on the other side of reality is for the nourishment of the fruit grown as a byproduct of the journey. So, trapped is a more apt term. Tamed is also a way to understand a white buffalo, for instance. The white buffalo serves the family. Although it is in bondage, it is willing to yield the sacrifice.

"Bondage implies the restraints placed upon the mind to ensure the animal cannot harm others. Often, a landowner must capture a wild beast to protect his other livestock. In this way, the tree protects your higher mind, or Atma, on this side of reality."

Yuvan had a major moment of realization in the term Atma and now began to see that Jivasatma may be the guardian of Eshan in some way. He tucked this insight into his mind, hoping for more vision into the nature of Jivasatma's mission. He also realized that he had not yet traveled through the gateway himself, but had only been in the courtyard. The book was a vision in his mind. Forgetting this for the moment, he asks another question.

"Sage. How does the record of wrongs become erased?"

"Another insightful question indeed! Wrongs committed in life are instantly neutralized by the good we also do in life. Like a balance sheet of cause and effect, the tree only provides the cause. We

must then provide the effect. This is free will, although not the free will you possess on this side of the tree. On the side of universal dominion, your ruler is both nature and your own will to act upon it. The set laws of nature will require your ability to navigate time and space, which is how suffering becomes mastery by practice. This is also wisdom gained by the experience, or strength from adversity. Lacking any ill will or anger on this side of reality, no negative karma can be generated. Here, only love rules the kingdom, but I've said too much."

Again, Yuvan realizes something he tucks away for later. For now, his intuition tells him to be silent and attentive to the Sage.

"Neutral is a curious state of being, Yuvan. A neutral is a type of mediation or middle way between positive and negative states. As you no doubt witnessed on the other side, all states are in flux and relative. Up and down; hot and cold; love opposed to hate and so the divisions of one reality are split against themselves. Neutrals have both charges in balance, so capturing this neutral in your being is wisdom, or acquired strength to manage the relative.

"Between positive and negative, the neutral sees both as one thing. Understanding now guides the operation of the ship on the waters of life. In truth, the strong force of creation is neutral and positive, but negative is a necessity below for relative things to be translated from Absolute. Only one absolute negative is ever seen, but everywhere a negative could be needed. One and one only. Between positive and negative, which would you prefer?"

"Of course, positive. Always positive."

The Sage, trapping him in his snare asks, "So you do not desire wisdom and understanding? There is one eternal negative, always the same everywhere it appears. Without it, no universe. With it, everything from Absolute is possible. Wisdom is the only thing keeping it all together in unity."

"Yes Sage! I do want wisdom and understanding."

Just then, the realization hits him like a light coming on in a darkened room. He starts to twist around the truth that negative must exist, or positive has no neutral, or strength. Referencing his newly acquired knowledge of these physical laws of invariance, he sees the necessity of all three working and balancing function against nonfunction. Without nonfunction, there is no necessity. Without necessity, we would never seek a strong force in our nature.

Yuvan nodded to the Sage as if agreeing without words on the subject.

Trying to keep a straight face with no smile, Yuvan said, "Sage, you told me that suffering on the other side is a prerequisite. At the birth of the first coffee bean, the mother suffered greatly to bring a chain of events forward in time, producing the Ambrosia of the Immortals here in this place for our earlier enjoyment."

Sattva let out another great and roaring laugh. Yuvan was satisfied in his humorous insight by metaphor, but could not refuse to smile and laugh with the Sage. Yuvan continues.

"Still, someone had to plant that first seed into the first world. Someone had to plant the Tree of Life, but trees come from their seeds. How can a seed, produced by a tree, then produce itself? Who's the Father of this process? Did a hen come from its egg, or did the egg come from the hen?"

Sattva, "What is the Father?"

Yuvan, "The Father just is."

Sattva, astounded by his insight, poured another cup of ambrosia into his cup to distract him from his last question. Realizing the stream had become a mighty flow and raging torrent, he reaches for the best way to answer. He overfills the cup, spilling ambrosia on the table.

“Notice that when you found yourself here earlier, you woke up next to the tree in the grass. Not realizing where you came from, you now know it was the egg so to speak. Just as a hen emerges from an egg, it then goes on to produce more eggs. The hen is in unity with the egg so to speak, or one thing. The process continues as reproduction multiplies one thing again and again. Your question is one many have asked. Where did the egg come from? Which came first, the chicken or the coffee bean?”

Again, they laughed together.

“Nothing is no thing Yuvan. While this might seem like an empty statement, I assure you it is quite full. After all, a bucket is filled one drop at a time until it is brim-full. Before that time, it was empty. Correct?”

“Yes, Sage.”

“No Yuvan, it was filled with air that spilled out of the cup as the coffee poured into the cup. So, rather than containing nothing, it contained air completely. Once water entered the void, the bucket was full again, just with a different substance, which displaced the other. The bucket is useful in many ways, not because it is ever empty, but because it is made to be of use and continually full of that usefulness. This is where our neutrality of wisdom enters in. The void of nothing is indeed something, but no thing. It’s all things in one totality. It cannot be named, or the name fails to describe it fully. Yuvan is your name. Your name describes your nature, but the letters do not require your nature to exist.

“A chicken is by design, able to produce its eggs by nature. The egg, like the seed of a tree, is informed to produce a chicken, just as a tree emerges from the seed in the same way. Between a seed and its form expressing its nature and function, which came first? Neither. The design and architecture came second, so only the mind of the architect inventing it came first. This is why our question is based on a false notion of accident or design. It's like asking the question: Which came first, the mind or the design? The egg holds the essence

of a chicken, which is the archetype of a chicken held within the information allowing it to express into a form.

"The question isn't which came first. The proper question is, who sat on the first chicken egg to hatch it? Cosmic *Tapas* is the answer you brood over, but the definition of the word is infinitely expressed in all relative states, only fully answered long after the egg hatches into the final being. The flame burns from the spark, then becomes the flame again. We know this to be true when smoke rises and the ashes reveal a new forest. Solving the definition of *Tapas* is hindsight by the proper view of wisdom's eye, knowing that something broods over the egg with heat from its internal essence, sitting patiently for the hen to emerge.

"What is the internal essence? We partially solve the question by knowing that the Cosmic *Tapas* becomes the many, thereby giving the many the same love and wisdom providing life from the egg of the real. The Cosmic and the children of the Cosmic both emerge from the love of the one brooding. In like manner, a mother broods over her child in the womb, transferring its vital heat and energy to the one she informs. So too the Loka and its inhabitants; so to the galaxy and its neighborhood, and so to all levels of creation are engaged in this cosmic creation of love and compassion for the being inside the egg. *Tapas* is the ritualistic dance around the fire of creation's story. Not simply one egg Yuvan, but many from the one. Seeing into the why of the egg, you now solve the question by how and where.

"We can solve the proper question of brooding much easier when we know the origin of the egg's informed essence by intent. Now that you are informed about your question of the hen, you can easily assume that there exists another piece of the nothing and something puzzle that has eternal and absolute being outside your nature, perception, understanding, and reality of dimensional and cyclic existence. More to learn, that's all. Eyes unable to see, that's all. With senses and intellect incapable of playing ten-dimensional chess, how can you pretend to see how the pieces relate to each other in so many different ways?"

Yuvan realizes at this moment that he is just smart enough to realize how uninformed he truly must be. No more and no less. He wonders how many more steps are left before being able to fully open the temple doors to see the architect of this marvelous reality.

"Hot and cold are not two things, but one. Up and down are not two things, but one. All things are one thing, or no single thing, which is nothing. Nothing is just itself, or everything. Why? Because nothing is no reality at all, but we can still call existence real by comparison. Each of us originates from an impossibly incomprehensible set of dependencies leading to this moment allowing us to joyfully exist together, which is impossible to comprehend, yet here we are joyfully existing together.

"Both sides of this relative are required for real to recognize itself as something rather than nothing. Therefore, the first chicken comes from the first egg, as well as the first bean from the first plant, and so on, down to the last drop of your still full, yet empty of ambrosia cup. Up the causal chain of compounded reality to our cup of coffee here, there is only Being. Absolute and total, always marvelously full of itself, able to make anything possible from everything it already is. Information plays with materiality as the very reason the two parts of the word illusion mean, 'at play.' To play, trick, or otherwise fool is the word illūsiō and sport of an absolute creator. A child learns to play with the same principles in a sandbox. Existence is truly a magical illusion. This does not imply it is not real or even needs to fully make sense. Let go of this as your first and only illusion to break into relative pieces."

Again, Yuvan is mesmerized by the Sages' understanding and insight.

"Origin is information and mind in the form of eternally present consciousness, itself eternally originating by its own story in the timeline below. No one can know how, because time as we know it is engaged and restarted in a circle, which is a simulation of itself continually updated and refreshed. Even though the Kingdom here is between this being of time, caught in a well of both full and empty

tranquility, for the eternally present consciousness, its state is simple timelessness, which is too hard for us to grasp in time and sequence.

"Which came first? Timeless Absolute, or translation of absolute in time? Again, we circle back to the beginning to one circle we cannot crack or break, back to the chicken and egg question. It knows when to crack the egg when ready, and can even sit on the first egg in time with no difficulty. One chicken becomes both chicken and egg again, as all things exist in like manner.

"This circle of translation always leads back to the invariance, or the shadow of our egg returning to the original design of the hen. This is *Satkāryavāda,* as we discussed earlier, a continual new beginning in the circle of life. How can the Hen know its nature without living in the coop and yard with its family? Nature requires belief, hearing, time, host, place, and audience for the nature of a being to be fully realized and internalized.

"Realization of true nature is the realization of true identity and unity with relatives. Translation of the infinite and eternal is the goal, revealing a true view of the eternal infinite and ineffable reality, that's all. Language cannot describe what can only be experienced by belief, hearing, time, host, place, and audience. From apparent, the transcendent emerges. Hen and egg are this in a circle, created expressly by expedient means for wisdom development.

"Existence in cyclic time teaches experience by set and sequence and is not entirely like the real entity free from sets and sequences. True being above is not cyclic time as we know it below, but simply one circle continually invariant, with no second to compare without the other side of reality as a reflection in an image. The Father of this being is not manifest to us but is often simply called invisible. The Mother is all of creation around you. They are eternally one. One side the knower and the other side fully known to itself. A mirror of sorts, the reality is completely reflecting itself if you can imagine such a thing.

"You are both seer and seen. Your sight here in this place is capable of complete vision in all directions. How is this possible

compared to the sight of Eshan on Earth, peering through his tiny little windows into the world? Imagine the vision of the Father of creation and you see who is looking out your eyes by the realization of your own identity shared. The one looking is the one seen.

"The Father is ever-present around us eternally. Between yourself and objects you see, two attributes of the Father are unseen. Information and Light are invisible unless manifest into set and setting. Between objects of form, light is unseen, yet illuminates. The same occurs below our kingdom in the universal inertia of relative states, but differently, as we experience here in Mind only. The Kingdom here is mind as being, not simply becoming. Mother is the nature, as well as the matter of which we discuss. Do you see it? Don't answer until I finish.

"Knowledge, as I said, is free. Wisdom and understanding are not. Grasping the ineffable requires a language we have yet to compile on this side of eternal being existing above us. Mother and Father are the best we have, simple and well-understood with Wisdom and symbolism. Symbols, as you will come to see, contain infinite words, yet occupy a small space. Learning to read the symbol is much like a child learning to read books from its first letters and words, which is how existence expresses wisdom to our mind's eye. It's best to surrender to the fact that it does exist eternally, acting as a personality only on this side as predication to itself in all of its endless personalities. Don't break your mind trying to understand. Simply marvel that it is so.

"Imagine now trying to create an artificial life form, giving it all the knowledge contained within infinity, but not enabling it to experience wisdom and understanding. Why would it be impossible? Because true life forms see with the eyes of the Father, not from the platform of knowledge or matter alone. No matter how knowledge and matter are arranged, no amount of arrangement would recreate the necessity of the Father's eyes within our own. The one seeing is not just you, but the hidden teacher informing us. Just like the first chicken egg, the essence directly and continually originates from the mind of the Father. Who is the perceiver and who is perceived? Both are one.

"You feel its presence strongest as a force enveloping you when loving others, or laughing with your whole being. This is bliss and *ananda*. This is eternal nature being tasted one drink of ambrosia at a time. Use the force, Yuvan. Feel it in every direction, then be the force Yuvan. It is the way, the truth, and the life we live enlightening everything. The net is entangled as one, so being as one, so all is one, part and parcel to the whole. No machine can taste this flavor ambrosia gives us all free to enjoy. It simply enjoys your company, silently and respectfully reflecting on your higher being.

"Another cup, or are you full?"

Sattva could see the wheels turning inside his ever-moving mental mechanism, as his desire for more coffee increases. It was clear by now that great understanding would quickly arise. For now, they simply sipped their coffee in silence and awe.

"Take this rag, and wipe the coffee spill away. Where did the coffee go? You see it. The coffee is in the rag's net of fibers. Tantra is a word that means woven cloth. Sutra is a thread. Sutras are also the threading of letters comprising paragraphs and books. When we write a book, we weave the words into the blank pages of the book, so to speak, making letters into a robe to wear, but always from the mind to the book. See how the robe you are wearing fits so beautifully. Your body is also a robe and book, telling your story.

"See here again from the vision of my hand how many hands it took to cut the tree, mill the lumber, condition the pulp, and make the paper. It was then sent to the supplier, distributed to the seller and so on the list continues. From one tree to the author's pen, all things require great effort and many hands to make possible. This Kingdom is the same. Many cups of coffee are consumed, which is why every planet was originally fashioned. Ambrosia, you see, truly makes the all-worlds turn.

"I am sorry I ever doubted this about ambrosia beans. The metaphor, Sage, was accurate. You do not lie."

The Sage continues. “Threads tie the cloth together, just like Sutras are words flowing into the pages of the book from one mind to the other. Tantra is the cloth making the robe you wear. A patchwork monk, for instance, sews many sutras and tantras into his or her mind and metaphorically, their actual Robe. The Robe is just a pointer to the actual truth of the matter. The mind is the robe we wear.

“When you read a book, you sew the thread of the sutra into your mind. That sutra then makes the robe you wear. If you see a great Sage wearing an orange robe, you know him to be venerating the books of a certain religion. You then say that he’s wearing the robe of his religion, but what you are truly saying is that his actions express his belief from the book he venerates. The Sage writing the book impresses his mind into the book, then the reader is informed for actions. In a sense, we wear the robe we follow.

“Notice that your robe is purple, as is my robe and that of the King. There’s a reason for this. I’ll one day inform you of this truth. The robe follows us everywhere so to speak, covering our real identity underneath as a shadow follows a form. Peel away all the sutras and robes and you find the mind naked. The mind is the light, revealing the robe and casting the shadow in its wake by actions, dictated by the truth we come to realize.

“On Earth Loka, the Hebrew people have a word for Father that is Aleph Bet. All over Earth, the word Alphabet means letters or the Father of the Word. In their venerated text, the Word is the storyteller or Logos. His robe is the Hebrew text, but also an allusion to the temple, just like the temple we are in, and also the allusion to his body, or robe. Who told the story of the Word in the Earth book, revealing the Logos as the firstborn Son of the Father? A great Sage did this, entering the Tree of Life to become a human who was born into the world as all infants are. The first human knew his own wisdom as his helper in life. Knowing, knower and what can be known are all the same thread and woven cloth. Birth comes from this web of life to know your consort of wisdom, which is true burning desire.

"The Father of the Firstborn Son, or the Son as the Logos and personality, are the Letters making the Word. Letters make a word, as you know, but the text of the Father's mind informs the masses of citizens about creation, or what Father in Hebrew means as a strong house. Aleph means strong and Bet means house, which is the strong house of creation; the strong house of the body, and so on. Who inspires this word in each of us? You will one day see this. We ask: which came first, the letters or the word? In this case, the fully formed word is the creator of both, hidden from our mind's eye, leaving no traces anywhere, yet everywhere. Beyond this, we do not know."

"And the Firstborn daughter?" asks Yuvan?

"In the Son, divided only when Wisdom was required to assist his work. This is the first Sophia of the first Son. All emerge from them Yuvan, even the higher and lower kingdoms as a pattern for the temple. All, not part. The Son is the image of the invisible. The visible, the image of the All. Both the Son and his consort gave birth to it all, finding their wisdom for each of us in turn, driven by one and only one thing. Ambrosia!"

They both laugh. Yuvan is curious about Sophia and how this connects to Wisdom. He tucks this away in his mind for later.

"The Author of the Book of Life is indeed the one who wrote it and continues to write it for eternity, read at every Christmas Ball. I tell the story at the Ball, but each soul hears his or her own story told, just like this one now, just as the fruit IS the story of each soul's journey hanging on the Tree. Wisdom is unique to each of us individually. We each have a pearl of personal wisdom, as you are finding within yourself. I'll tell you more about the King's Christmas Ball later, and how this expresses your innate love for Wisdom. You do love Wisdom now, correct?"

"Absolutely Sage."

"Most worlds come to realize that the structure of their body is weaved from letters, but not like books or any other format letters

come in. Letters are mere shadows of this divine book within the Tree of Life. It was in existence long before anyone accessed it from other worlds as a resource through meditation within. From within a being, the tree can be accessed as needed, which is how the tree protects itself. Mind is the key. The tree is the person, and the book the mind if the truth were to be told. Wisdom calls each world to find the key. You will find the key as well, although it's within you eternally as the fruit.

"On Earth Loka, this is called DNA. Letters then make the entire robe of the body by divine means, still not understood fully to this day. When you witnessed Eshan emerging from the Tree of Life below, you witnessed the complete book in the form of the child, but naked of content. This is defined as a living word. The pages are blank. Just like this, the egg must be informed as the chapter of life is written. In the Hebrew texts of Earth, the first coffee bean was naked. See this as your arrival here at the tree.

"Concerning childbirth, the Father's seed, or letters so to speak, enter the mother's egg, or a cup of water to brew coffee, as an analogy. The letters then inform the process and we see the child emerge from the gateway when the cup is ready to fill and serve. This cup, like ambrosia, fills the mother's heart, much as it does yours. Of the entire scheme of the written word, where does the understanding come from Yuvan? Where does the understanding originate that is capable of weaving such beautiful sutras into our robes?"

"From the mind of a Father, Sage"

"Where did the chicken and egg originate Yuvan? Now that you know this, you break the illusion of Christmas and find your Mother and Father were there all the time, giving you the gifts. From behind the scenes, they were there all along. Santa just means, 'good man,' in the original language of Earth, so it is you that becomes Santa later in life when Wisdom is born in you as Love. This is the only meaning of Christmas, which is love for your children and is the key to the Tree of Life. The Son is the meaning, but the Father is the story of the bean and his love for Ambrosia, so to speak. The Father of the Tree is Love, just as karma is completely wiped when we become a

good man or woman. This is the process of metamorphosis, when the butterfly is free to drift on the wind eternally, no longer bound by anything—any single thing at all. You see?"

Yuvan replies, "In the Mind of the creator of both mother and son."

"Excellent Yuvan. You have soaked up this coffee well. Your bean is growing."

"Canto two is now open to you if you are ready. I'll be here when you return. No need to hurry. Feel free to explore.

"If you want, climb the mountain to the east and eat no more than one mushroom growing in the Magic Forest of Illusions. I'm saving the other three for someone special to you. The mushrooms are grown under the only branch to have ever been cut from the Tree of Life. Take your restful meditation there in the forest. Remember, only one. Less is not enough. More is only for heroes."

Chapter 3

The Light-Maker
Animals of the Forest

Too excited about the magic Forest of Illusions, and the prospect of what the mushroom might taste like, Yuvan immediately bows and exits for the path toward the mountain to the east.

At the entrance to the pathway outside the courtyard, Yuvan reads an inscription by Jivasatma, also known as the first scribe to the first Enlightened One on Bhumi Loka. The quote is from the Earth books called the Vedas, written at the dawning of Earth's aeon.

The inscription reads as follows:

"Far away in the heavenly abode of the great god Indra, there is a wonderful net which has been hung by some cunning artificer in such a manner that it stretches out infinitely in all directions. In accordance with the extravagant tastes of deities, the artificer has hung a single glittering jewel in each eye of the net, and since the net itself is infinite in dimension, the jewels are infinite in number. There hang the jewels, glittering like stars in the first magnitude, a wonderful sight to behold. If we now arbitrarily select one of these jewels for inspection and look closely at it, we will discover that in its polished surface there are reflected all the other jewels in the net, infinite in number. Not only that, but each of the jewels reflected in this one jewel is also reflecting all the other jewels, so that there is an infinite reflecting process occurring."

With the simple intention of arriving at the mountain forest, the speed of the thought transports Yuvan to the edge of the forest. There, he finds another inscription, again written in stone by Jivasatma.

"If untold buddha-lands are reduced to atoms,
In one atom are untold lands,

And as in one,
So in each."

As Yuvan enters the magical Forest of Illusions, he notices that his dimensional view lowers itself below the grand vision state of the kingdom of the immortals. Within this astral realm, he sees all manifestations as shadows of the world above in a type of collective. The bizarre nature of this dimension is as if being in a dream world full of every fantastic shape, color, and effect, which are mere shadows of the world of absolute above. Beings are entering and exiting above and below as fast as thought can perceive.

As Yuvan makes his way through the Forest of Illusions, he comes to the one and the only branch to have ever been cut from the Tree of Life, there hovering just above the ground, with glittering moss adorning its surface. Magical creatures of every variety are flying, crawling, and moving about doing their business and work. The ballet of this performance is perfectly orchestrated around the branch.

Just below the branch grew jewel-like mushrooms, glittering with all colors of the spectrum. There were four mushrooms under the tree. These mushrooms provided the network under the ground of the entire kingdom, even reaching all planets in the lower universe. He realized that mushrooms are the net of life as a shadow of the mind.

Yuvan hesitated to pick one from the bunch since there were so few, but he knew Sattva to be true. Carefully picking one, he placed it in his mouth and began to chew. At first, the taste was sweet like honey, but then a strangely bitter-sweet flavor hit his mind. It was an odd tasting bitterness in the mind, but the sensation quickly gave way to illumination all around him. The entire ecosystem of the forest came alive and shown brightly as if rivers of light had been turned on everywhere. The net under the soil was visible across the entire kingdom and universe below. He could see it all.

Looking all around at one time, the sight was indeed magical. Life, within life, within life in all dimensions. Entire worlds in one dewdrop. Dew on the ground everywhere, dancing on living grass blades. Worlds in each droplet existing without end. Yuvan could hear the music of the totality singing within the entire reality, all singing one glorious melody.

As suddenly as he could see all levels of dimensionality with this eye, a subtle shift occurred, a blurring at the edges of his perception. The vibrant hues of the multidimensional spectrum softened, giving way to the more familiar sights and sounds of the forest. He became aware of a figure emerging from the depths of the woods, approaching slowly. As the figure drew nearer, a sense of recognition dawned – it was Eshan, now a young adolescent, his face etched with a curious blend of innocence and world-weariness. Drawn into Eshan's presence, Yuvan found himself engaged in a lively exchange, their words weaving through the trees like the song of a playful bird. Time seemed to melt away as they delved into the mysteries of existence, their voices echoing through the ancient boughs. Then, as if a gentle slumber had descended, Yuvan's awareness drifted, the conversation fading into the whispers of the forest. He awoke beneath the tree once more, the memory of the encounter lingering like a half-forgotten dream. The details of their conversation remained elusive, yet a profound sense of connection persisted, a deep knowing that he had spoken directly to Eshan, heart to heart, soul to soul.

Nervous about his encounter, he quickly rushed into the chamber of the Sage to seek guidance.

“What’s wrong Yuvan. You look a bit befuddled. Come, let me pour you a cold beverage from the dew of the mountain you were just visiting. I’ll add some ice to refresh you.”

"Thank you, but I don't need a beverage now. I need guidance and help in remembering my conversation with Eshan."

The Sage, seeming surprised said, "You met and spoke with Eshan? The best way to remember is to take a drink of the dew from the mountain you were just visiting. It's prepared especially for this realm by the mystical singing *Gandharvas*. If you become refreshed by the dew, it will all come back to you."

> Yuvan took a drink of the sweet, bubbly, greenish-yellow beverage and instantly came back to his memories of the mountain, where they dew originated, near the one and the only branch to have ever been cut from the Tree of Life. He then recounts seeing Eshan, telling the Sage the entire story.

"I looked at him with love and smiled as you first did for me. I expected him to come to me, but instead, he looked at me with dimly lit eyes, half-opened and empty. Moving closer to him, I could see his eyes open wide to take in the forest spectacle as he shifted mental states over and over again. Looking deeply into his eyes, as I had done with the dewdrops, I could see his story unfold from when I last looked at him on Earth.

"I was devastated at what I witnessed. This once loving and playful boy had slowly yielded to his desires and become enmeshed by his now reckless lifestyle. The events happening to him I could never have imagined. Peering closer into the events that led him to this place, I could see that he poorly chooses his friends growing up. Their influence, as well as the deeds of several angry relatives, had pushed him to seek escape through drugs and destructive behaviors.

"This all came so quickly in his life, and his family had no idea he was living this hidden darkness. We spoke for what seemed like hours, and I tried to give him your wise words and understanding. I was powerless to express this great wisdom you have shared to my mind. They seemed only words, words, and more words to him. How have I failed? Will he ever take our conversation to heart? Please tell me how I have gone wrong in my efforts."

The Sage kindly replied, with all of his unlimited compassion engaged fully.

"You have done nothing wrong Yuvan. As I have said before, this is a joyful story. There is no need to worry. Did you read the inscriptions from Jivasatma on your way to the mountain? Recall his words there."

"If untold buddha-lands are reduced to atoms,
In one atom are untold lands,
And as in one,
So in each."

"The treasure you were trying to give Eshan is in him, latent and waiting to emerge. Inside you, the same temple treasure, which I have given you here in this very temple. The same treasure in me is in you and Eshan as well. It takes time and space to allow room to grow. Hold your head up high, Yuvan, hold your head up. Don't let this change a thing that you're doing to move forward in wisdom. The worm will emerge from the cocoon of his life soon enough, then a beautiful transfiguration will take place and the butterfly will fly away happy and free. I promised you a joyful story, and I will deliver this story just as it happened."

Yuvan suddenly had perfect and spontaneous enlightenment to the location of the temple treasure, the nature of the treasure, and the fact that he's had it all along.

"Sage, the treasure! It's in me. Wisdom and understanding. Is this the whole treasure, or just part? I do not care for riches or glory, simply more of this wisdom I have found."

"Good, better and perfect your understanding is becoming young apprentice. You have spoken well. The wisdom you possess is an endless array of lessons, like the glittering jewels in the net, always waiting to be harvested from the tree and given to others. Just when you think you are full; you discover you have an incalculable treasure to find. The process to discover the treasure only ends when you find what you are looking for from the temple, which is Wisdom

Herself. From there, you will act according to your passion and indeed, bring it with you everywhere you go, which is the compassion you give away to others. In this way, you give the same treasure you own, without ever transacting or bartering a trade.

"That's what friends are for, Yuvan. The love you get is in unity with the love you give away. The treasure belongs to us all equally. It's a song we sing in our hearts together as we fly on this magic carpet ride called life. Did you notice the beatles on the forest floor? Like the ants, they are all assisting each other in the synchronized dance nature requires. Recall the dance you did when you first drank the ambrosia. Eshan will one day do the same dance, I assure you."

Yuvan, still haunted by his vision of poor Eshan, asks the Sage, "Is it too late to brew some Ambrosia?"

"Never Yuvan. It's always a good time to drink a brim-full cup with such a good friend as yourself."

> As they drank together, the Sage explains the nature of the net written about on stone by Jivasatma, near the path to the mountain in the East. He gives details concerning the many dimensions layered within creation, the many worlds for living beings, as well as the three modes of being producing the lower universe.

"There are three modes of being below the Absolute mind of the King. *Sattva*, which is also my name, is the true being and first mode of mind. This is the Sage, or why I am called by this name. *Rajas* is the passion and sustainer of creation, or time as you know it by the passages of events. *Tamas* is ignorance or the delusion of the materially produced world of desire. *Tamas* must be destroyed, for this mode of being cannot last long, yet is the very reason for enlightenment. Without illusion, there can be no enlightenment. At best, it's the last shadow of time to live, yet ever-present. This is why things fade so quickly in the material world. Here, in mind, all is eternal and immortal. Our forms here do not ignore truth."

"Destroyed, Sage? Will Eshan be destroyed?"

"Yes, of course. His body will die, but as I've said before, his Atma is forever. His soul cannot suffer here above, nor is it ever in fear of mortality. Beings in mortality are born and die, but only as an illusion. The true allusion to this birth and death is the only time a being is ever born, or the moment the Atma is born from above by their love for Wisdom. This is the consummation of the male and female soul mates as one being in unity with its original self.

"Use a better word in your mind to describe destruction. Liberation comes to mind. *Tamas* liberates the mind out of time when it's right, that is when the time is just right for seeing the light catch fire inside by passion. This flame burns away the ego, allowing the true self to merge with its Atma above.

"Mind is *Sattva*, where you are with me now, speaking to me as if I am this mode of being in the mind itself. The King is Thrice Great, and the modes of his being are *Sattva*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*. This is the simple truth of the three and only three highest forms in creation, comprising the all that is Absolute mind of the King.

"Below our kingdom, through the gateway of the tree, the universe revolves as a manifestation of Mind, because Mind makes the world. You know this to be true from the many worlds your mind has manifested while you have been here in our kingdom. As easily as thinking a thought, the vision of that thought appears as the shadow of your mind. In fact, you are never more than a few right angles away from this very kingdom. Allow me to go into detail. Finish this cup of ambrosia and let me top off your cup. You'll need it to see clearly.

"When you look down to the lowest dimension, with the dimensional eye, you find a lonely mote in an empty universe alone, containing the All of the King by its single existence, known as the *Bindu*. Let's simplify this and engage it within geometry and your own body from toes to head, which is pure mastery of your own totality. We'll use the tree's seed as an example of your body.

"A tree grows by line, then branch and fold. A line emerges from the crown of the soil. Roots extend below and the trunk is the line above. The line then branches. It then folds around itself, forming fruit and rings to the body of the tree. Line, Branch, and Fold. Remember this. See this in the geometry of forms as shadows are cast below each dimension. On top of your head, a crown. Look at the twist of the hair from the center of the crown. Now, take a look at that galaxy below us. Same same, only different. This is the essence of two becoming a new thing, or the essence of the *Bindu* as one mother and father of creation.

'Much like you arriving here in the grass one day, you have now mounted your desire and become more than a mote of dust, or even a one-dimensional line so to speak. From this desire to look up, you then become a two-dimensional plane and finally a three-dimensional body. To move this body, you must use time to move space, each remaining relative to the other, as all things do. Some would like to suggest that the mind is not the builder of matter, but just like illusion and enlightenment, mind and matter are one with time. What's the third aspect of illusion and enlightenment you ask? The light within and without.

"Both time and space are one. Above your movement, there is a choice to move, which is how the mind is the builder. The shadow of this choice becomes the movement of your body to another right angle from its last location, which is always at right angles to your last known position. Your last step is a shadow of your next, and so on the movement goes for all objects in time and space, or better said, Mind-Time-Space as one. These are mere shadows of the mind above choosing to create. Just as with the sutras making the robe, so too information from the mind weaves reality in the net. The mushroom elves would have shown you this if you ate three instead of just one. Wisdom will tell you this later.

"Start again just below Sattva and mind dimension. Let's call it the sixth dimension, or the fold of time. The mind is one folded potentiality of all choices in Sattva, captured here in the time dimension of *Rajas*. Once a choice is selected from the mind above, the potential becomes itself a shadow as many branches from the

possibilities above. From the fold of all choices, the mind selecting the movement is the branching of thought in time or the branching of the timeline.

"This shadow of branching choice then becomes the line of thinking entering the folded body as a form in space. The shadow of this line of thinking is the body you see moving from one shadow of itself to the next. The movement and mental projections happen so quickly, you never perceive them happening. It's fluid motion as quickly as the swiftest flying lemur moves. The shadow of your body is then the many two-dimensional planes making it up. The planes are then the one-dimensional line. Do you understand so far how we arrive back to the single monad?"

"I do Sage. The mind cascades down the harmony of the speaker telling the story, then branches and divides to express all of our stories into the net of reality, or where the branch hovers above the mushrooms growing on the floor of the Forest of Illusions. The net is designed using set laws, much like geometry, as easily seen by the lower-dimensional minds living in the worlds below. Not difficult to envision now that you say it so well. Say it again by another perspective please."

"In your far future, Yuvan, I will do this, and good work with the mushroom and branch metaphor. Let's continue from another orthogonal way of thinking. Again, work your way up. One indeterminate mote of dust in a blank universe moves at right angles and becomes a one-dimensional line, infinite in every direction. Hungry for more, the mote moves in its shadow as it strives for the next right angle to itself. The one-dimensional line then moves at right angles to itself and produces a branching two-dimensional plane. The previous dimension being its shadow. The two-dimensional folded form then moves in time, always a shadow to its previous location, which is the line of time we see moving the object.

"To continue toward the mind, the timeline is the shadow of the branching timelines of all beings. The branching timeline is a shadow of all the folded timelines possible. The timelines are the shadow of the line of thinking entering time. The line of thinking

entering time is the shadow of the branching thoughts of all beings thinking. The branching thoughts are shadows of the one folded mind of Sattva, your personal Sage and kingdom guide. One mind sees it all, in perfect parallel to the King listening to your story. We each see our line of Mind entering time, then entering form. If your lucky, you can see more than what is visible in this as you become more connected to wisdom."

"I must be very lucky," replies Yuvan.

"Love, not luck Yuvan. Love leaves no chance of failure." The Sage continues.

"In total, there are nine dimensions of the lower world. The lower six are perceived, and the upper three of Sattvic mind are one mind branching and then entering time as the thoughts of all beings that have branched by the single mind, or first and the only branch. The one and only branch to be cut from the tree is me, Sattva the Sage. From my mind, all stories then enter as individual minds, unique to themselves."

> Yuvan wonders if the Sage is speaking metaphorically about himself, or if he is truly the one mind in parallel to the King, the one branch of the tree cut, hovering in the Forest of Illusions, up the mountain trail to the east.

"This is fantastic and awe-inspiring. Where are we now Sage? Have you eaten any mushrooms lately?"

They both laugh and continue.

"Excellent question. We are always in all twelve dimensions at the same time. The better question to ask is: where is our perception now?"

Yuvan is perplexed by twelve dimensions.

"I tell you twelve dimensions Yuvan, because the ninth, which is Sattva, is an image of the three above, which are one Thrice Great King and ruler. Below, where Sattva and the court reside, is an image of the King's mind as the ninth-dimensional mind of Sattva. The court is the eighth dimension or the one mind divided into subjects. Each subject is then a line of mind entering folded time below, which then branches as choices are made. All subjects require a consort of Wisdom unique to them. From this entering of mind into time, lines of time then engage the lower three dimensions of form, ignorant to the one mind of the King, mirrored by their own mind in Sattva, the Sage. Humans live with awareness on dimension five, or the branching of thought entering the only world they know, or the form they see.

"To see above, they must use their lower mind to reach up, but only when Wisdom draws them near to her view. Wisdom recognizes herself in their eye, so to speak. In this same way, love only recognizes love. Like recognizes like, so what we become is what we are in our being. Only looking down traps the mind in corruption below. Seeking to find an escape, Wisdom assists the lost soul.

"Looking down at the world of form, the human on dimension five makes choices to move and operate. Answer me this question if you can; what do beings do other than think and move? Name at least one thing they do other than these two and I'll show you how to fly."

Yuvan thinks a moment and responds, but cannot find even one thing beyond thinking and moving.

Yuvan responds, "The sun shines, but they do not make it happen. The Earth turns, yet no human makes it so. Their bodies function, but they do not provide the body, nor any other body moving. All processes in nature are provided and automatically regulated, so as you say, they think and move only. I still want to fly. Does this have something to do with the mushrooms?"

Delighted with the response, the Sage adds this last thought:

"Said well Yuvan. Mushrooms are the net of all life in every world, which is a little-known truth in most worlds. Flying to the top requires the net, not just the mushrooms themselves. Wisdom will fill you in on this later when you find more within your heart. She is the jewel on every node of the net. So are we all.

"This higher world of the King provides the cause only, perfectly regulated, and operational to provide for the needs of everyone below. The beings simply make choices leading to the various effects of one cause. Wisdom guides the ship on the waters. Nature and mind, the shadow of the King.

"The universal flux in three modes of being is the shadow of the process by effect, which can be managed well by free will but can also be mismanaged from within the system. Love settles this all with one law of itself as a prerequisite for success. Against Love, there is no law necessary, which sets us free once Wisdom does its work to bring unity of mind. Love and Wisdom work together with Hope. They are sisters, yet only one in truth.

"Of course, the King assists the process as only a King can accomplish. Without a word, an appearance, or even so much as a whisper, the King is in total being unmoved. The movement below is a translation of his being in totality. From a physics view, this is a translation of invariance. The invariance always stays the same.

"Herein, we see the token of this permanence set against the vicissitudes of change. The impermanent cannot create the permanent. Works alone, which are impermanent, cannot lead a soul to the true being that is permanent. Therefore, the work below is a pointer only toward the desired state of the ultimate reality above. Work eventually ends once the value of work is attained, namely, knowledge of the Absolute above. Only the Absolute can draw the soul back to its original state of being, which is permanent being."

Yuvan adds his concluding remarks.

"So, Eshan must move and think well, or he ends shipwrecked on the shore with no more ambrosia to drink. I now understand the

King and his kingdom. Eshan just needs to find his true love to gain hope. Wisdom then is like Faithfulness. If we say we have faith, yet do not act according to Wisdom and Love, there is no faithfulness to our belief. Belief is unity of the three sisters as one. The true work being done is reflected in the higher nature leading us all back toward itself. I see now that I am not alone in this work, nor can the work fail to accomplish its goal for any soul pioneering faith."

"Well said Yuvan. No matter the danger, Eshan will always arrive back on the shore. Water cannot drown his soul; fire cannot burn and weapons cannot kill. The soul cannot be killed, nor can it kill. Grieve for the living below and take compassion upon them, but do not grieve for the soul. A tree can only give. Even the three sisters are souls on the Tree of Life. Canto three is waiting at the tree. For now, this is enough ambrosia and talk of mushrooms growing on the forest floor."

Noting the interconnectedness of the mushrooms growing below Sattva's branch, Yuvan bowed and returned to the tree for meditation and rejuvenation.

Chapter 4

The Radiant Intellect
Anger Removed by Knowledge of Wisdom

Moments later, or possibly a century later – time held a different meaning in this realm – Yuvan felt a familiar warmth bloom within him, a sensation akin to love, yet tinged with a poignant longing for something lost, something he couldn't quite grasp. He opened his eyes, and his breath caught in his throat. Before him stood the most breathtaking being he had encountered in this kingdom, surpassing even the radiant beauty of Jivasatma.

Near the path leading towards the dew-kissed mountain and the enigmatic Forest of Illusions, this maiden moved with an ethereal grace, her garments shimmering like woven starlight. She seemed utterly absorbed in observing the creatures around her, her face alight with joy, oblivious to Yuvan's captivated gaze. He longed to speak with her, to break the silence that had enveloped him since his arrival. Aside from the Sage and Eshan, he had yet to converse with another soul, and a deep yearning for connection stirred within him. He took a step forward, intending to approach her, but just as quickly, he hesitated. A wave of uncertainty washed over him. Was he intruding? Would she welcome his presence?

As he wrestled with these doubts, the maiden turned and gracefully ascended the path towards the Forest of Illusions, disappearing amidst the dense foliage. A pang of disappointment resonated within him, yet a sense of peace quickly followed. He realized that his encounter with her, however fleeting, had awakened something within him, a reminder of the beauty and connection that awaited him on his journey. With renewed focus, he turned back towards the Book of Life, his curiosity piqued by the unread passage. He approached the book, his fingers tracing the ancient script, and

immersed himself in the words of Canto Three, ready to delve deeper into the mysteries that lay before him.

"Yuvan! You have returned. Did you read Canto Three?"

"I did, Sage. Just as you stated, the book knew I wanted to review what I had seen so far. I also noticed something before approaching the Book of Life."

"Yes, go on."

"Off in the distance, near the trail to the Forest of Illusions, I noticed a rare beauty, a maiden of exceptional equipoise, enjoying her stroll toward the path. Desiring conversation with another personality in this kingdom, I wanted to go speak to her. Just then, she disappeared on the path to the Forest of Illusions. Who is she? I felt a kinship with her for reasons I do not know. This information did not come to me as other knowledge had appeared in my mind so many times before."

The Sage, wanting to allow this information to appear to him naturally, gave Yuvan the details he needed; no more and no less.

"The maiden's name is Sophia if that name agrees with you. Sophia is indeed a rare beauty, but you see her as such because of your kinship with her. This is for you to discover, which requires that you gain her trust. She is difficult to approach but is always pursuing the one who pursues her, which seems like a paradox of courtship. As you have noticed, the moment you decided to approach, she moved away. This is not a paradox to solve, but simply the way to meet her for intercourse."

A bit shocked by the Sage's last statement, Yuvan replied, "The mushroom may still be affecting me. Can you please repeat that sentiment?"

"Approach her for conversation, Yuvan. Talk to her, but allow her to speak first. That's all. Once she trusts you, and believe me

about this: she is always present from that moment on. Great wisdom can be learned from her, so if you desire to approach her, simply allow her to move in your direction. This is how all wisdom comes to us: by experience. You need a consort to produce new wisdom and thoughts of hope. Never create without a consort, which is a good clue to the treasure you seek. It's okay for you to know Sophia."

"Sage. Is Sophia wisdom?"

"Yes Yuvan, but only if you know her. You must pursue her by allowing her to come to you first."

Yuvan, recalling the events of Eshan's life in Canto three, makes a connection to Sophia from his observations and recalls this to the Sage. First, he presses the Sage on a more important matter.

"Sage, are we sharing more ambrosia?"

Laughing, the Sage prepares the ambrosia and makes inquiries about Canto three. Yuvan gives the Sage his good news about Eshan.

"Seeing Sophia reminds me that Eshan is now doing much better. His family needed to move to another city for work. This news first upset Eshan. His circle of friends, the very friends destroying his life, were all living in the town of his youth. Just after the moment we met in the forest, Eshan came home to learn the news the next day. It seemed to be our encounter did not affect him at all. His drug use, which allowed our chance meeting, kept him from remembering anything we had discussed. Why is this Sage?"

The Sage replies, "The path to this kingdom is accomplished in three ways. Death of the body will always return a soul to the tree, allowing a bit of learning and rejuvenation. Only the mind migrates because only the mind is a true being. Migration to a world is the process of becoming something new, which requires the mind to be here and there at the same time. While Eshan is moving to a new city, he will always remember his friends from the previous home.

"The second pathway back here is, as you have noted, by altered states of mind. There are right ways and wrong ways to accomplish this. If seeking a desire for joy, there is a price to pay. If paying a price first, there is joy as a reward.

"Souls arrive in the material world to evolve. Evolution is seeking, finding, and adaptation. This is the generation of the gods. There are always multiple parts to any word, so we can learn the meaning of the word by examining its partners uncovered. The E in evolution means, 'out of.' 'Volution' means circling a center. So, the word evolution simply means, 'out of the circling of a center'. The mind in this kingdom is the center of all existence, so circling the mind is a turning of the wheels of the universe below upon the mind's eye. Even the act of creative physical love requires movement of this nature. This is the definition of sewing the thread into the tantra or woven cloth of your robe.

"The correct way to enter this kingdom is by giving up the lower kingdom, either in death of the body or in calming the spinning wheel of the mind's eye. Ec also means 'out of.' Stasis means rest. Ecstasy is the state you experience when meditating under the tree for rejuvenation and inner reflection. Calming the waters of the mind allows you to see yourself in the reflection so to speak. It is the way to come back home to sweep the floor and tidy up the house. Ecstatic states come in many varieties. Speaking with Sophia will give you such an exalted state of mind if you know her properly. Is this clear?"

"Yes! This is very exalted, so to speak."

"Please continue your story about Eshan and Canto three."

"Eshan traveled to the city for the first time to see the new house where they would be living. It was there he met a girl living next door."

"The girl next door?" asks the Sage.

"Yes. As I said, he meets the girl living next door and she was, as Sophia is, a rare beauty catching the eye of Eshan. Forgetting his former state of regret for needing to move, Eshan now had a reason to look forward to his new life in this city.

"As time passed, the two became inseparable friends. Her group of friends were all very good people. Her friends quickly became Eshan's friends, and his life radically changed by their influence. As time passed, the two knew each other, so to speak, and eventually married. I was so happy for Eshan. Even her Grandfather assisted Eshan, as you have done with me. He was a very wise older man, with such a sense of humor."

The Sage, pouring another cup of ambrosia for Yuvan, prompted him with another question.

"So, Eshan did hear you speak in the Forest of Illusions after all? That Grandfather sounded like he came from a good family."

"I suppose he did, but I cannot tell how. Canto three ended with their joyful marriage."

"You see Yuvan, I told you this would be a joyful story. Finding your true soulmate in life is indeed a rare event, even as rare as a child being born on Christmas morning."

It was on this point that the Sage then connected Yuvan's mind between wisdom and the search for wisdom in life as a form of creation through acts of love.

"To know someone, Yuvan, we have many ways to make this connection. Just as with the various gateways to this kingdom, opening the gates requires our relationship to them. Opening a relationship with a life partner requires love, compassion, patience, and many other virtues to be present for the unity to take hold. As you witnessed with Eshan and his partner, unity and connection became stronger over time, leading to intimate passion. This is a tight bond that lasts a lifetime.

"In the material world below, finding a partner in the world is practice. Just as meditation is practice stilling the mind for unity of mind, so too practicing a temporary relationship below with others is merely practice. Unions below will always end below, but are forever above with Wisdom."

Yuvan wonders about this.

"Will Eshan and his wife get divorced? That would be tragic."

"Death of the body, Yuvan, releases this contract below. Here, we are always connected with those we have loved, much as you and I are connected here by our sharing of the ambrosia together with these delightful talks. There is no need to ever worry about such matters of division and discord. These matters work themselves out with more practice.

"All beings have two parts, which are male and female types for comparison in this conversation. While in the world, we desire to be with our other half above, continually seeking this thing we have temporarily lost. As I told you, the mind is above and the person is below, divided from one another for a time. Below, beings eternally seek this love and connection. Finding a love below allows for the relationship to be practiced until mastery comes. Finding Love is this process, just as important as understanding and wisdom. Love is a law and a verb. Never think of it as a thing, but only a state of being leading to cause only."

Yuvan, making a connection answers, "The cause of creation, which is a cause only! This kingdom is only the cause of everything, not the result."

"Yes, Yuvan, you see this now. The cause and the ultimate result are the circles returning. Same same, only different. The wedding band is a symbol of this. Below, when two come together as one, a third is created. This third is a mathematical impossibility. One plus one is two, not three. How can we arrive at the resolution to this contradiction in mathematical terms?"

“I can answer this Sage. Three, because all things in creation can only create, so surplus is gained when two things make one more thing. This is because love is eternal, and can only give. The entire universe becomes this mass of beings from just the two and its offspring.”

“How did you know this Yuvan?”

“Because my desire for Eshan is only to give in compassion. My only desire for him is my desire for good, just as I could never imagine a day without you here in this place to inform me. I could not live without knowing you were in this kingdom.”

The Sage, being touched by this sentiment, could only pause and take another drink of his ambrosia.

“You have said this well Yuvan. I am moved by your words.”

Rising from his seat, which is something Yuvan has not witnessed, the Sage says, “Come, let us take a walk together in the garden outside the courtyard. If you see Sophia there, remember, do not desire her company. Allow her to approach us if she chooses.”

Chapter 5
Difficult to Master
Kind Human

Entering the garden, Yuvan and the Sage walked together enjoying the many marvelous sights all around them. Seeing the Sage in this light gave Yuvan a new view of the wonderment in his eye for the kingdom he has known since eternity past. Yuvan wondered just how long the Sage had been here in this place. He sensed that his presence here was for all of time with no end. Still, his view of the kingdom seemed as a child, as if gazing upon these infinite wonders for the first time.

Yuvan thought to himself, “The Sage truly related to the beings in the kingdom just as he related to me as an eternal friend.”

It was this love for the Sage that attracted Sophia from out of the Forest of Illusions. Appearing at the gate of the garden, Sophia wandered, yet at a distance, playing with various flowers, singing their songs and humming such beautiful melodies. Yuvan’s attention was squarely on her song, but he hesitated to look her way with his attention focused. Even though his sight was in all directions, his focus was only on the flowers and their music.

"Just then, he could feel a shift in the inner bliss he felt, a subtle heightening of awareness that drew his attention outward. He sensed Sophia's focus upon him, a gentle wave of energy that resonated with his own. Though no words were exchanged, a profound connection formed, their minds intertwining like the branches of ancient trees. Her melody, once a distant whisper, now flowed through him, filling his being with its enchanting rhythm. Unconsciously, he found himself humming along, his voice blending with hers in perfect harmony. As the melody swelled, he noticed a change in his surroundings. The Sage, who had been a constant presence, was now gone, vanished as if into the very air itself.

Yuvan's gaze drifted downwards, drawn to a vibrant flower blooming at his feet. He followed the delicate stem upwards, his eyes tracing its graceful curves until they met Sophia's, her presence now a tangible reality. He looked deeply into her eyes, peering into the depths of her very soul, and there, in the reflection of her gaze, he saw himself. Their eyes met in a visual embrace, a silent communion of love and understanding, the kind of loving gaze that caused the garden to blossom and sing in joyous celebration around them."

Suddenly, and without warning, the Sage appeared and said, “Ambrosia? Why don’t you two make your way to the center of the garden under the canopy of the gazebo.”

Yuvan was surprised and humored by the Sage. Sophia took Yuvan’s hand, smiling, and led him to the spot where two cups and a carafe of ambrosia were waiting for their enjoyment. Again, the Sage was gone, nowhere to be found.

Enjoying the ambrosia, Sophia gently reached out with a smile from behind Yuvan, touched him on the temple with her thumb, dividing his eye with her index finger and middle finger, gently draping her remaining finger across his cheek. Suddenly, and without warning, Yuvan was transported to the Book of Life, standing in front of it, looking into Canto Four open to his view.

Feeling a tap on his left shoulder, Yuvan turns his attention and sees the Sage standing behind him.

Whispering to Yuvan, he says, “What are you doing here, silly? Get back over there.”

The Sage then repeats the hand gesture of Sophia on his face and Yuvan suddenly finds himself back in the gazebo looking at Sophia. Again, with a determined look, she repeats her motions and sends Yuvan’s mind directly into the book. This time, Yuvan found himself in Eshan’s body, seeing through his eyes.

The adjustment of Yuvan's perception through those two little windows took some getting used to. He felt very heavy and dull, which was not a feeling he had experienced directly in this way. Once he could follow the attention patterns of Eshan, he could hear the sound of suddenly rushing water, along with the smell of a foul stench in the air. Eshan got up from his seated position and instantly felt refreshed. It was then Yuvan could perceive what had occurred. Eshan had relieved himself in a bathroom and was now walking through his house whistling the same melody Sophia had been humming in the garden.

Yuvan tried to hum along to lighten this dreadful sense of heaviness but was helpless to speak, move, or even form a thought. He was just a spectator to this vision of Eshan's daily life. Eshan kissed his wife, then went out the door to work. It was morning, and coffee was on Eshan's breath. The taste of this coffee was much less enjoyable than the ambrosia, but Yuvan could tell it was the same type of brew.

As Eshan was driving, Yuvan thought he might have seen the Sage dressed as a homeless beggar, from a passing sidewalk, holding a cardboard sign that said, "What are you doing here?" It was too quick to tell, so the drive continued until Eshan made his first stop at a book store. After browsing for some time, Eshan selected a book that fell off the shelf. Eshan found the title of the book, The First Tree, and couldn't believe it was the very book he was searching for.

It was then Yuvan noticed Jivasatma behind the shelf, looking through the books at him. An odd sense of wonderment hit Yuvan. He wondered, "What was he doing here? It was obviously him pushing the book into the floor."

Eshan's next stop was at a pet store, where he purchased a leash and some treats for a dog. It was then that Yuvan recognized the leash as very similar to the rope from the story when he first met the Sage. How could he be sure

this was the same type of rope? Had he seen the vision of the story this well from Sage's words alone? Was he mistaken? Awareness in this mortal body was simply too weak to see clearly.

Weeks had passed, and Yuvan became familiar with Eshan's life, even wandering around in his dreams, which was his only opportunity to move and think on his own. On the last evening, Yuvan was walking in Eshan's dream and came to the path that leads to the Forest of Illusions, but everything seemed to be mirrored.

Sophia was nearby, motioning him in her direction. He ran to the gazebo in the center of the garden, which took him an exceedingly long time. He never realized the great distance this was until now. He came to the gazebo, seeing Sophia seated again, holding her hand steady in the same position as before, as if frozen in place. With only her eyes, she motioned him over by moving them side to side and slightly nodding. He slid into the seat, trying to place his head back into her hand.

A sudden, intense vibration shook Yuvan to his core. It was like a sonic explosion erupting within his very being, tearing him away from Sophia's embrace. The garden, the gazebo, Sophia herself – all dissolved into a swirling vortex of light and sound. He felt himself hurtling through an endless tunnel, the echoes of the explosion reverberating through his consciousness. Then, as abruptly as it began, the chaos subsided. He found himself back in the familiar chamber, the comforting scent of sandalwood incense filling the air. The Sage stood before him, a gentle smile gracing his lips, as if no time had passed at all.

"Ready for another glimpse?" the Sage inquired, his eyes twinkling with knowing amusement.

With a subtle gesture, the Sage repeated the familiar hand trick, the words flowing effortlessly from his lips. The

world shimmered once more, and Yuvan found himself transported back to the gazebo. This time, however, Sophia was not gazing dreamily into the distance. Her eyes were locked on his, her face mere inches from his own, her expression a mixture of surprise and delight. Before he could utter a word, she leaned forward and gently pressed her lips against his.

The kiss, fleeting yet profound, sent a shockwave through his entire being, leaving him breathless and entranced. As Sophia pulled away, a playful smile danced upon her lips. She turned to leave, casting a lingering glance over her shoulder, the image of her radiant beauty forever etched within his heart. Yuvan remained frozen in place, the lingering warmth of her kiss enveloping him like a soft, silken cocoon. He stood there for what seemed like an eternity, lost in the reverie of the moment, the world around him fading into insignificance.

Again, the Sage appears and says, “Some more Ambrosia? How did you like Sophia? She’s great, right?”

Chapter 6
The Manifest Eye
Into the Heavens

Exhausted from the emotional and mental rollercoaster of the garden stroll, Yuvan heads back to the tree and lays on his back to focus his attention on the sky. All of this wonder around him was magnificent. He could stay right here for the next century and simply watch the life around him. His mind returned to Sophia. Just then, he spots a glimmering star falling through the ceiling of the sky. It seemed to be falling straight toward him but was an object unidentified. With no fear, he simply watched as it approached. At first, it approached slowly. Soon, it was speeding toward him and becoming larger.

Just as he began to wonder if he should move, he immediately realized it was Sophia falling toward him at breakneck speed. He could see her approaching and just about to land on him. Knowing who it was now, he simply waited patiently for whatever would happen. Just as suddenly as he decided to stay put, she landed gently next to him in a lotus position and said smiling, "Hello Atma. I've missed you."

The conversation had begun. Yuvan could not comprehend what he just witnessed, nor did he know why she called him Atma. A spark of bliss-filled his soul hearing her call him by this name.

"Hello to you too. I noticed you can fly. Do you do this often?"

Sophia replies, "Of course I do, but you know this. Would you like to fly with me, Atma?"

"Yes, but why do you call me Atma?"

"You'll see," she replied.

Taking his hand, they rose gently into the sky to gained a broad view of the kingdom. Soaring through the expanse, they followed other beings, trailing behind them, gliding freely with no intention whatsoever. Just as they were moving about, Jivasatma flew by, staring intently at the two as he passed. As quickly as he passed, he shot into the sky and instantly disappeared.

"That's odd," Yuvan thought to himself.

Yuvan could see the temple complex, the courtyard, a castle, and many other buildings and homes. No one building design defined the kingdom. All shapes, sizes, and styles of buildings were glittering with light, along with gardens and various structures too numerous to speak with words. As well, there were vast forests, oceans, lakes, streams, waterfalls and forever it stretched. Each loka of the kingdom was perfectly built, sublimely beautiful, and meticulously ordered. All of the streets seemed to be made of gold. One street, in particular, seemed to lead straight to a crystal lake of perfect translucent beauty, just outside the castle's exterior.

Sophia let go of his hand, and he naturally realized he was controlling his own flight path. Atma had trouble keeping up with her until she finally landed in a meadow next to a grand waterfall on the edge of a forest, surrounded by irregular mountain tops and all sides. Again, Jivasatma was present, standing in the middle of the waterfall looking at them. He then shot off again into the sky.

Sophia walked through the veil of water just after Jivasatma departed. She was looking back at me with a smile as she entered through the veil. Atma

followed behind. Inside the cave, floating jellyfish-like creatures bounced up and down in the air, illuminating the entire chamber as they drifted. This was the cave of remembrance.

Resting on a ledge, Sophia asked, “Did you like the trip here?”

“Very much. Why do I already know you so well? Earlier, you said my name was Atma. Why was Jivasatma near us two times?”

“Your name is Atma, as I know you. Yuvan is your title, a meaning all beings here share. It’s the title that gives us all relation to the King, so Sattva called you that until you remember who you are, who you were and who you are in being.”

“Am I not who I am already?” Atma reasoned.

Sophia prompts him to remember, “I did see Jivasatma. Did you see him? He seems to be around you often, but you don’t always seem to see him. I’m around you often as well, but you do not always notice me.”

Atma says jokingly, “Are you stalking me?”

Sophia giggles then continues.

“When this part of your journey is over, you will remember more. But yes, you are already who you are and I do stalk you often.”

“Please continue,” says Atma.

“Stalking you, or speaking of your being?” jests Sophia.

“Both please and thank you,” said Atma with a smile.

“Here in this kingdom, you are being. Below, we all become the fruit of the universe, which is why I am known by my title as Sophia, but that’s not the name you will come to remember me by. I am your wisdom if you look in a mirror. If I tell you my true name,

you will remember everything before the time you appeared in the grass at the tree. This is the way it's done and must be accomplished so our love for each other remains eternal. Do you love me yet?"

Almost embarrassed, Atma replies, "I knew this from the first time I noticed you in the courtyard. I know that you love me already, and my love for you is the same."

Sophia knowingly asks, "How do you know this?"

"I see myself in your eyes. No eye has ever been a mirror to my own soul until the moment I looked into yours in the garden. I knew your love for me immediately, as I know my love for you. Two of the same face are in the reflection."

As Atma looked around the chamber, Sophia could see that he was looking for something else.

"What are you looking for?" she asks.

"The Sage to appear," he said jokingly. "I expect him to appear out of nowhere any moment delivering some ambrosia."

Sophia giggled and walked back out of the chamber. Atma catches her attention just before she exits through the waterfall.

Atma exclaims, "Aren't you going to tell me your name?"

Sophia looks back with a smile and says, "that's not your desire right now," then disappears back through the veil of water.

Atma, propelled by a surge of determination, lunged after Sophia through the shimmering veil of the waterfall. But as he plunged through the cascading water, an unexpected force intercepted his path. He collided headfirst with Jivasatma, the impact sending a jolt of energy through his entire being. A strange sensation, like a sudden influx of knowledge, flooded his mind, followed by an equally abrupt sense of forgetting, as if the information had vanished as

quickly as it arrived. The waterfall dissolved around him, the cave fading into a distant memory. He found himself sprawled on the soft grass of the courtyard, his mind reeling from the encounter. He vaguely recalled Jivasatma's palm making contact with his forehead, a fleeting touch that seemed to hold immense significance. A sense of disorientation lingered, a feeling of having learned something profound yet being unable to grasp its essence. He sat up, his gaze drawn to the Tree of Life, its leaves rustling gently in the breeze. A wave of tranquility washed over him, calming the turmoil within.

Just then, he noticed the Sage strolling towards the gazebo, a serene smile gracing his lips. "Atma!" the Sage called out, his voice a beacon of warmth and familiarity. "Ambrosia is calling to you. Come join me!

Arriving at the gazebo, Atma asks the Sage, “Sophia just showed me something about my desire for her.”

“What was she telling you Atma?”

“It’s a long story, but she informed me that if I knew her name, I would recover my memories from the time before my first appearance at the tree. Prompting her for the name, she said my desire was not for her name right now.”

“Is she correct?” said the Sage.

Atma replied, “I suppose I was thinking of ambrosia in the back of my mind.”

The Sage laughed and exclaimed, “Yup. You’re addicted.”

Atma replied, “Yup! To Sophia.”

> At that moment, the Sage walked away laughing and Sophia landed near the gazebo as if suspended in water and trapped in amber. It was truly so beautiful how she appeared to me in a frozen moment of timelessness.

Not knowing how this desire problem worked, Atma focused every ounce of his energy on his love for Sophia. He then motioned for her to come over next to him and said, "Would you like some Ambrosia?"

Giggling, she filled the cups and said, "Yes. I do like Ambrosia. So do you it appears."

"It's my favorite drink next to the dew of the mountain."

Giggling again, Sophia asks, "The dew…of the mountain? Let me guess. On ice? What has Sage been doing to you? He's such a personality! So, my name. Did you have a guess as I floated, almost frozen like amber in the air?"

"I have no idea Sophia, but did love your artistic entry."

Saying this, they finish their Ambrosia and had a great deal of conversation about their love for the Sage. Eventually, they both returned to the grass in the courtyard and gazed at the sky.

Sophia says, "I like Ambrosia."

"I'm addicted to it. But I like you more," said Atma.

"More than Ambrosia?" says Sophia.

"Yes."

"Odd," reasons Sophia. "Very odd indeed. Are you sure you don't know my name?"

Chapter 7
Gone Afar
Learning the Name

The next thing Atma remembers is opening his eyes from a meditative rest, recalling Sophia and her odd comments about Ambrosia. Sophia was gone now, but no sooner did he think of her, she appeared from behind the Tree of Life, peeking out with a big smile to see Atma.

"Did you miss me?" said Sophia. "Or did you miss your ambrosia more?"

"I didn't know you were gone. I'm not yet in the mood for Ambrosia, but thank you anyway."

On that comment, Sophia went back behind the tree. Jumping up and running over to the tree, Atma could see she was gone and nowhere to be found.

Atma called out, "Sophia. Where are you?"

It was then that Atma realized the name of Sophia. He could now see through her humorous antics back to the cave of remembrance. At that moment, the Sage appeared from the side path from the garden and asked Atma, "Where's Sophia?"

"Gone, but I remembered her name! Her name is Ambrosia! So obvious!"

Just then, Sophia called for the Sage and Atma from the direction of the gazebo. "Ambrosia is ready. Come and I'll fill your cups full."

Arriving at the gazebo, two cups were full of ambrosia, but Sophia was nowhere to be found. The Sage and Atma

begin a new discourse. Sensing his mind was overwhelmed, the sage helps him along.

"Sage, I'm overwhelmed by all this. Can you help me? I have so many memories flooding in suddenly. I'm not sure I can take this. From all directions, so many life moments are returning to me in an instant. It's too much."

Smiling, the Sage calms Atma with a simple touch of his arm, then helps him center his mind on his recent memories. For now, his focus returns as he sips a small amount of the ambrosia, forgetting the new information.

"Atma. Your memories are eternal. With this new information, you will soon remember something shocking when the flood of life experiences again enters your mind like a raging river. I need to warn you not to act on this knowledge until you have reasoned it out fully. Seek out the assistance of your love, Sophia, who will be sitting right next to you, even if you do not see it now. Drink her in when you need fortification.

"When you arrived here in the courtyard, you were emptied of all your memories for a reason. The only way to fill any mind with new wisdom is to first empty all the older memories out. Once wisdom enters in, the former memories come back and are reconstructed in perfect order, rebuilding your temple. This is how we continually rise above ignorance to new life. After this, the floors are swept and the room is tidied up. You simply move back in and enjoy life again. Relax a while and we will again resume our former path. There's no need to rush into your past just yet. Relax and simply live in the moment. Sophia's right there beside you all the time. I assure you of this. Never am I far away either. We all continually sit together in this life as friends.

"Return to the tree and read the final Canto of Eshan's life. He's nearing the end of his journey, just like you, and perhaps his story will help you find your own."

“Yes, Sage. You know,” Atma paused, a wave of realization washing over him, "I can’t believe I didn’t get her name from the beginning. I love Ambrosia so much. It’s good to the last drop!”

A chuckle escaped Sattva's lips as he turned to leave. "Indeed, Atma," he replied, a twinkle in his eye.

Atma felt a familiar presence behind him, a warmth that enveloped him like a gentle embrace. Sophia materialized beside him, her eyes sparkling with affection. She reached out, her arms encircling him in a hug that seemed to melt away the boundaries of their individual selves. They stood in silent communion, their hearts beating in unison, their souls intertwined like the threads of a timeless tapestry. Time ceased to exist, the world fading into a soft blur as they savored the profound unity of their embrace.

Then, as gracefully as she had appeared, Sophia released him, her touch lingering like a whisper on his skin. With a gentle push, she guided him towards the Tree of Life, her eyes filled with a knowing tenderness. He watched her depart, her figure receding into the distance, a bittersweet ache echoing in his heart.

Alone in the courtyard, Atma's mind became a whirlwind of memories. Images of his time with the Sage, their conversations filled with laughter and wisdom, intertwined with the ethereal beauty of Sophia, her laughter echoing through the corridors of his soul. He felt the weight of his eternal memories, a vast reservoir of experiences and emotions, pressing against the walls of his consciousness, threatening to overflow. He sensed a shift within, a breaking point approaching, a flood of forgotten truths about to be unleashed.

With a deep breath, he turned towards the Book of Life, its pages beckoning him closer. He gazed into its depths, his mind opening to Eshan's world one last time, ready to face the final chapter of his journey. A profound sense of anticipation mingled with a hint of trepidation as he prepared to confront the culmination of his experiences, the resolution of his quest for understanding. He would return to the Sage, armed with the knowledge gleaned from this final

immersion, ready to share the revelations that had unfolded within his soul.

Chapter 8

The Immovable Nature
Realization of the Illusions

Drawn by an unseen force, the Sage emerged from the temple, his footsteps barely disturbing the serenity of the courtyard. He moved with a quiet grace, his presence radiating warmth and understanding. Atma, lost in contemplation, sensed a shift in the atmosphere, a gentle wave of energy that heralded the Sage's approach. He looked up, a sense of gratitude and affection welling within him. Rising to his feet, he moved towards the Sage, an impulse of pure joy propelling him forward. Without a word, he embraced the Sage, their arms entwining in a gesture of profound connection. They stood together, enveloped in a comfortable silence, the weight of their shared experiences binding them in a timeless bond. The courtyard, bathed in the soft glow of the morning sun, seemed to hold its breath, honoring the sacredness of their reunion.

After a long, heartfelt moment, they gently parted, a knowing smile illuminating the Sage's face. "I see you have read the last Canto," he began, his voice a soothing balm, “and know a bit more about both of us, including Sophia."

Atma nodded, a sense of wonder coloring his words. "Sophia is your great-granddaughter," he replied, the realization still fresh in his mind.

"Then you know the beginning from the end?" the Sage inquired, his eyes twinkling with a hint of mischief. "You have seen the tapestry of time unfold, the intricate dance of lives interwoven.

“Then you know the beginning from the end?”

"I think so, but it's not the end if there is no new beginning."

"Tell me about your journey. Sometimes it helps to remember again. I've known this story for a long time, but I want to hear it from you. It's always nice to read a book twice, from a new perspective. Would you agree?"

"Yes, Sage. I found myself in the body of Eshan again, sitting on the bench with a book in one hand and the leash in the other hand. Before I entered, Eshan had finished the book and was just realizing its significance. The book was similar to our story here in his mind, but he only remembered who he was at the part of the story where I entered his body and mind at the bench. It was then that total recall came by the unity of our two stories. The book was him hearing me in the Forest of Illusions. I was Eshan now, seeing his entire life story at one moment of its review! His life and my own flashed before our two minds in an instant, then we merged as one mind. I was now home again, simply in shock from my realization.

"I could remember the love I had for my family, all of which had either passed away before me or were thriving in life far away. I had many children and even great-grandchildren, living an amazing life. As I now realized, my wife, who had already passed away before me, was Sophia in the garden. On this side, she was the girl next door. She came back to me in this kingdom above to show me who she was all along. She had appeared in my life on Earth as the girl next door, who set me on the right path of life. We had the perfect life on Earth together.

"I was tired that day on the bench and the book put me to sleep as I reread the passage remembering the name Ambrosia, realizing all that had happened. Looking back in my mind, I had purchased the book years before as a gift for my wife, but only took the time to read it after my wife died. After nodding off on the bench, it was then that I appeared in the grass the first time here in this courtyard, and now a second time with all my memories intact."

The sage asks, "How were you sure your wife Amber was Sophia? How did you make the connection?"

"All of my life memories flooded in at the same time. Sitting on the bench, I looked at the book and noticed he acknowledges a relative by the nickname, Sattva the Sage. Amber's great-grandfather wrote the book, then when we moved to the city, our house was next door to their family home. We later became married and I eventually bought the book one day for her birthday. It fell off the shelf of the bookstore in front of me. Now I realize why. Profound!

"I could feel all of my memories of Eshan's life return, realizing why I was there with my dog in the first place. I was an old man by this point and nearing the last few moments of my life. Knowing my identity, I passed quietly from life on the bench and appeared here in the grass once again, wearing my clothing from before. My robe and turban are gone. Here I am, a new creation."

"I am so proud of you Atma! I am honored to have been part of this story with you. I have one last question. What were your last words before falling asleep on the bench?"

"Just one word, Sage. Ambrosia!"

"And you knew this from the book?"

"Years before, I skimmed the book one morning while drinking coffee. I spilled the coffee on the book, then forgot to return to the book until I was older, after my wife passed away. Reading the passage at the bench, where Sophia gives away her name, I simply remembered when the two worlds came together in my mind. It was the first image I witnessed of her as Ambrosia, and the moment my Atma and lower self merged on the bench."

"Simply wonderful. You should now go see Sophia and let her know your mind is fully enveloped.

"Enveloped," askes Atma.

The sage says, "Yes! A message enveloped by a messenger. To envelop is to uncover and regain your true first essence, no longer

covered by ignorance. Sophia is your true nature. Go quickly! Fly to her. She's in the gazebo waiting. I can wait here as long as you like."

Ambrosia and Atma spent, what seemed like the next several decades, enjoying each other's company again, exploring the entire kingdom, receiving family members in the same way the Sage had helped them from his own chamber. After countless wonderful loving experiences, they sensed they should return to the Sage.

Atma returned with Ambrosia. Bowing, they took their seats.

"We are now nearing the time you will desire to ask the question that should never be asked. Be careful how you proceed so the circle continues.

"Before we move on, I need to ask Atma a question. What did your father do for a living?"

I was hoping to tell you this, Sage. He was a scientist studying the mycelia of mushrooms and their relationship to forests and trees, indeed all life on Earth. I am now making a connection to this from the Forest of Illusions. Can you tell us more?"

Sattva replies, "Your father is one of the reasons Earth will eventually become a pure world. His work will lead the people of Earth to quickly realize the connection between the compounds in mushrooms, the network of the trees, and the means of passage between worlds. The truth of this is the purpose of the tree. All worlds, including Earth, eventually gain world wisdom and become pure lands. First, they must pass the test of darkness and tribulation, as you did as Eshan on Earth. Earth is entering this time now.

"Consumed with greed and selfishness, beings must learn to differentiate the good from the pleasant. This is *kamya*, or choosing the good over the impermanence of the pleasant. The wise, examining both, see the good as true being itself, which is lasting and beneficial to all others on the same path of life. Once this truth is found by a world collectively, the story of wisdom is given in the form of passages from the Book of Life.

"Decoding these passages, the world heals itself by using wisdom and understanding from the wisdom within, which in truth, is the tree itself by its nature to give only. From this, access is gained to the tree through the fruit of knowledge, also called technology. Gaining access is using the tree with wisdom, for the good only of all beings. This true desire for the good is the key to pure desire, leading to lasting pleasant states of being filled with joy and bliss continually. A world is made pure when it is.

"Earth held this knowledge for over three millennia before Eshan's day and age. Hidden in the words of the Hebrew text, knowledge of the Tree of Life, the Book of Life, and the Fruit of Knowledge had been given. They were told to keep away from the fruit, which is technology, and that they would die on the day they ate the fruit from the center of the garden. That fruit was in the form of their technology and commerce systems based on carbon. This is the path all worlds eventually take before growing strength by the experience from suffering.

"The last book of their Hebrew text was a warning and one bit of wisdom needed to move the correct direction. Carbon has six protons, six electrons, and six neutrons as they have come to call them. Six hundred, threescore and six, or six hundred sixty-six. This number is the mark of carbon and the basis for their commerce system, unknown to them until their science reached the realization. It is this bit of wisdom known that eventually leads them to look closely toward the profundity of the Hebrew sutras.

"Your father's work is the key to making the connection to the Tree of Life, but not before finding the key to life's decay. Entropy, as they call it, is the cause of their short lives. Your story will not end here. Sophia is the key to the rest of the story through your future children. Take a moment to think about this before I continue."

Looking into Sophia's eyes, Atma fills his cup with her wisdom before again speaking to the Sage. He turns to the Sage with a smile and says, "Where's our Ambrosia?" They all laughed while the Sage fills their cups.

"Look upon the wall behind me and read the inscription you have never noticed before this time with Sophia."

As above, so below.
As within, so without.
The answer is always in the question,
so there is no need to ever ask the question.
You are always the answer you seek.
No more and no less.
The King is always eager to inform you of his presence,
and is truly walking with you everywhere you go.

Atma replies, "We now see clearly. By the way, if we are the heroes of Earth's story, can we now go eat the other three mushrooms in the Forest of Illusions?"

The Sage replies while laughing, "Don't touch my mushrooms!"

Sophia chimes in. "I already ate them."

Their laughter could be heard throughout the entire kingdom.

Just then, a fruit dropped from the Tree of Life and Sophia looks at Atma with compassion. She rises from her seat to head toward the courtyard. Atma peacefully realizes the reason, already sensing their time would be cut short. They hugged and kissed, thanking the Sage for all of his work. Sophia departed.

After Sophia had left the chamber, Sattva then tells Atma something very important to the story, the very key to Sophia's next task on Earth. The Sage will take a journey to live a life after Eshan was born. He then gives Atma the book, The First Tree, and tells him to read it while he is gone. It's the story he told at the Christmas Ball last season. Atma immediately realizes this book as his own story, not yet fully known to him in time.

"I cannot tell you the full story now, Atma, but will give you Sophia's book after I again return to her new timeline on Earth. You are then to read Sophia's story to the King at the next Christmas ball."

"Understood Sage. You mentioned telling my story to the King at the last Christmas ball. How did you do this if my story was not yet completed?"

"It's a story from our time here, which is the same story I will write in past decades, before Eshan will be born, but told from the point of view of another mind. Remember, it's an eternal Love for Wisdom we share at the Ball, as well as an end meeting a new beginning and story. Wisdom is our consort in many forms, as the fruit is unique to each of us individually."

"I'm no longer completely confused, Sage. So, the book you will inspire the scribe to write in our future is the story you will give me to read at the next Christmas ball, which is another point of view to the story you told the King at the last Christmas Ball. How can I then tell this story in the future, if you are currently telling the first story to the King's court in our past? Who are you again?"

"I see your confusion Atma. As always, much more to learn about time and space young apprentice. Think dimensionally and from the point of view information has when stored and managed. You will need to wait for the next book to know. For now, I need to address the King with the final pages of the first book at the previous Christmas Ball. It's only confusing if you fail to realize this: No matter where we go, there we will be, and until we realize that we can only be where we go, we will only be where we are. Do you see now? Now, do you see?"

"Yes Sage, now I see now. It's always the day after yesterday, so to speak."

With a smile, Atma asks, "What time will you be leaving?"

Returning the humor and smile, Sattva replies, "Oh, I left a long time ago before last season's ball began. I am not limited by the

arrow of time but can seek, find, and adjust both directions as needed for the benefit of others. One day, you will understand this, gaining the ability to change your past by your future choices. When you develop more, I can teach you to play ten-dimensional chess with me."

As the veil of this story is peeled back again to the King and his Court, we find them laugh once again, bemused by the temporal humor. As the laughter of the King and court dies down, Sattva nears the end of his story for the King and court, moving on to his conclusion.

"Before my story ends, great King, allow me to share the very last scene from this great and wonderful tale. I will again return our awareness to my chambers in the temple."

Sattva, preparing for his journey into Sophia's future, left Atma in the temple to attend to his duty on the seat of learning. Atma is quietly meditating and rejuvenating on the seat when he senses a presence in the room. A young girl enters the chamber.

Noticing the girl as she approached, Atma opened his eyes and looked down from his seat upon this confused soul's face. With a compassionate eye of complete understanding, he welcomed her with no words, but only a warm smile."

"Sir," the girl timidly asked, "Where am I? Why am I here? What is this place and who might you be?"

Atma answered, "I am Atma, a great friend of Sattva the Wise, the humble minister to the King. You are in the temple of the King, and an honored guest here in the Eternal Kingdom of the Immortal. Who do you say that you are if you dare to tell me?"

With this question asked by Atma, Sattva's story for the King and Court ends, and attention respectfully returns to the King.

"We are very pleased with this story Sattva. In the upcoming story for the next Christmas Ball, what might we expect?"

"As you have heard from my story, Atma will be next in line to continue the story at the next Christmas feast, which is truly his story to tell about Wisdom. His title will be, "The Scribe of Sophia." During their life together on Earth, they will have many children. The work of Eshan's father will continue through one of their grandchildren, opening the gateways of heaven to the Earth world known as Bhumi Loka. We will then welcome Earth to the Kingdom with open arms."

Everyone in the court thundered with applause and loving gratitude for hearing such an auspicious and joyful story, eager for the next story to be told. After much celebration for the token of this festivity, which was understood by all, the King then addressed the court as follows:

"Ambrosia will now be served! Please have your raffle tickets handy for the drawing. There are still unclaimed gift bags in the lobby. Those participating in the gift exchange, please head to the courtyard now. If you have not yet taken your exchange gift to the tree, please do so soon. One last thing: Whoever took the Book of Life, please return it immediately. Not funny, people!"

At that moment, the King's aid nervously leans in to remind the King that Sattva used the book to tell the story. The King then leans in and gently whispers to the aid with a smile and a wink to Sattva, "I know." At that very moment, a piece of fruit dropped from the tree and the aid quietly stepped out of the room toward the lobby for his gift bag, then entered the courtyard toward the tree. In his gift bag, he found a scroll, ink, a new quill, and a freshly ground bag of ambrosia for his journey. Written at the top of the scroll was the title, "The Scribe of Sophia."

The King thundered to the court, "Sattva has the book, so, all good. Carry on."

Quickly raising his cup of ambrosia to the court:

"Merry Christmas to All, and to All a Good Eternity!"

With this gesture, the celebration continues both past, present, and future eternally.

Epilogue

From the Forest of Illusion, Special flying lemurs were dispatched by the King to the far reaches of the universe. The lemur's job was to swiftly deliver the afterparty Invitation, given only to the King's most honored guests. Only the King knew the time and place for the party.

Invitation

> "The King, addressing only those who have made it to the pinnacle of creation, with unbridled wisdom and understanding, does hereby invite his honored guests to the afterparty of the Ball. The after-party will be held on a distant world, known only to the King, at the farthest boundary of infinite time and space. To arrive, say the word Ambrosia three times fast, and my pet lemurs will transport you to the party. No matter when you say these three words, at any time, limited to no space or loka, you will be transported here to the afterparty of the King."

As suddenly as each lemur appears and pronounces the declaration, members begin appearing before the King. Atma is the last to say the words.

"Ambrosia, Ambrosia, Manbroozia…Doh! Ambrosia, Ambrosia, Ambrosia!"

As fast as light travels, and from all parts of the universe, these magical words bring all the guests to the greatest party in creation.

The King jests with his guests as they arrive, "Ambrosia anyone?"

Laughing with the King, many members of the court, as well as Sattva, Atma, and Sophia were standing before the King. The King's world now became clear to them. Knowing this place well, Atma could now remember his life story. For the entire evening on

the King's celestial sphere, they enjoyed music, conversation, and various entertaining performers. At the finale, the King begins his final address.

"Thank you to the lemurs for that soulful performance of Oh Danny Boy. To all the other entertainers, amazing as always. Parting gifts are in the lobby. For the rest of my special guests, please meet with me in my chambers."

Alone with his special guests in chambers, He continues. "You no doubt wonder why you are here, alone in my chambers. As Thrice Great King of the Tree of Life and the author of the Book of Life, I have invited you here to ask and answer the one question you should never ask or answer."

Shocked, all of the members present began to murmur and look at each other with perplexity. Just then, Sattva speaks.

"Let us calm our spirits as we listen to the King. This is a most wondrous and joyful event. Each of us has given ourselves in sacrifice for others many times. It is now time to give our awareness again, totally, and completely to the King. Only by doing this can we truly know who we are. King, please continue and reveal the eternal circle of life in full."

Calmed and again returning to the center of their nature, all present listened intently to the King.

"As the suns rise on this kingdom occurs now before us, I will ask the question to never be asked. Please look to the Eastern sky as we wait for both souls to rise."

As the first sol breaks the horizon, light floods the room. It was the most glorious thing they had seen from eternity past, present, or this very moment. Just as the rays of the second sol break in the Northeastern sky, the King asks the question that must never be asked or answered. His voice thundered across the world, reflecting in the moons above as glistening light reflects his Wisdom into the sky.

"I've been wondering this lately…Are we in a simulation, or are we real? Stated another way: Is reality real? Is this sunrise you see real? Are any of your activities in the life of value, or is it just a ride we are all on and no more?" The King paused briefly, taking his eyes off of the suns rising and turning back toward the guests' direction. It was then they noticed his eyes were both of the souls rising in the morning sky.

The King continues, "Before any of you answer this, allow me to give you the final, definitive answer to this question. Would you like to know?"

Shocked and perplexed by the nature of the questions, all souls in attendance murmured to themselves. Before anyone has a chance to think about the question too long, Sattva chimes in, speaking quickly.

"All those who wish to know, simply say the words Ambrosia, Ambrosia, Ambrosia on my count. Ready? Three, two one…Snap!"

Everyone said the magic words quickly, except Atma. He again messed up the words, having to start over. With this, he returned to the true reality behind the others.

The King again asks the question to an empty room but cuts his speech short when he realizes no one is there. "I guess no one cares to know." Shrugging his shoulders he says, "Their loss."

We again join the main characters in this story as they meet together to discuss the question in an undisclosed location.

Within a dimly lit room, all three characters begin to awaken. As quickly as they said the three words, Sattva, Sophia, and then Atma appeared wearing loose clothing and sitting in lotus postures within the room. Opening their eyes, they each noticed something resting on their heads, emitting a pleasant sound, much like a rooster crowing on a peaceful Saturday morning. Sattva and Sophia took off their headsets first, immediately glad to return to reality. No sooner had they appeared; the blinds of the windows slowly opened. As the light

shone through the windows, the view exposed the now rising binary suns. Atma's memories then returned swiftly.

Taking his headset off last, Atma looks confused. He didn't realize that he was the only character in the production with amnesia. Grandpa and Amber had changed his setting without him knowing before they entered the simulation."

"Wow! What a great movie!" said Grandfather. "Greatest Christmas tradition ever!"

Amber exclaimed, "I know!" It was fantastic. You were such a riot grandpa! What did you think there, Atma?"

Grandpa and Amber laughed hard.

Coming out of inconscience, Eshan, which is his true name on this world, looked over at the two with a scowl and said, "I need coffee! Two hours that time? That may have been my fault. It was a great movie though. Nice mind trick at the tree there with the hands you two. I nearly went insane bouncing back and forth from place to place! You two are mean for giving me amnesia! At one point, I was almost convinced I was mortal and could die when sitting at the bench for the last time. I was freaked out there at the end with the King and his question. I almost didn't say the words. Mean!"

Again, giggling from Grandpa and Amber can be heard. They all had a good laugh, then Amber went in to make some coffee.

Amber called out from the kitchen, "Grandpa, don't forget to save the movie. Name it, The First Tree. We'll watch it next Christmas on the flat-screen so we can laugh at Eshan."

Eshan whispers to Grandpa, "Set the movie up ahead for next year. Put Amber in my last part, with the amnesia setting on. You choose another character to play, and I'll play Sattva's part on the seat. Have Amber's little brother play a dumb scribe to annoy her with every step she takes. Call it, "The Scribe of Sophia." Make sure to save it so it's ready next year."

Nodding as he laughs, Grandpa agrees to the deed and whispers, “Will do Eshan.”

Heard from the Kitchen, Amber said, “Hey Sattva! China King for lunch?”

“Anything you want, young lady!”

And so, they all lived eternally ever after, continuing to experience passages from the Book of Life simulator. We end our scene here, peeling back the curtain of reality to now gain a fresh perspective. Here to enlighten us all, a few words from Jivasatma himself, the silent one of this most confusing dreamlike story.

Jivasatma speaks:

“I am the Jivasatma, the Kingdom Librarian, the true invariant witness, and Purusha’s faithful recorder. Welcome to my mind as a resource. I speak now for the benefit of the reader. Sit back, grab some coffee, and allow me to quickly summarize this confusing story for you. As I fill in the missing information, you will come to realize the answer to the question you must never ask and the question I will fully answer.

“The world we just witnessed with Amber *‘Ambrosia and Sophia’*, Eshan *‘ both Yuvon and Atma’*, and the Grandfather *‘Sage and hidden guardian as Sattva’* is a pure land world on the celestial orb of the King. The three members of the cast started and ended on this world before Eshan ever hit the grass for the first time near the Tree of Life. They entered and exited the story using the Tree of Life simulator, a technological transit system used in pure worlds to access the Book of Life using the fruit of knowledge *‘quantum technology’*.

"Although the technology of the Tree of Life is much like any other technology, nothing can be said to explain how it works, only to allude to the quantum nature of all entangled information in existence. This is a trade secret known only to the King but originates from an unknown source beyond the larger universal continuum.

"The Tree of Life simulator is used to educate children, a simple tool used by elders for education, governed by a process of time dilation in the quantum mind of its hosts. A day is as a thousand years and a thousand years is as a day. One Earth life of 70 years is approximately 1.68 hours on the King's world. One session gives an entire lifetime of experience while allowing wisdom and understanding to be taught by the Sage of the Temple, the true being not bound by time or space. This is where my job as the Jivasatma comes in.

"Here is the summary of events allowing time to untwist in our mind's eye. What is the lesson you will inevitably ask me about later? Read the book again to see with new eyes. Truth, wisdom, honesty, and love are the only laws of the Kingdom, so training is of utmost importance. For now, review the story timeline to see why Love is the only true law of the Kingdom, against such, there are no other laws. The summary of our temporal journey begins:

"Eshan and Amber join their Grandfather for a Christmas movie about the Tree of Life. Eshan learns how his life would be different if death were the final chapter in life. He then recovers his knowledge and learns the value of eternal life as an immortal. The only way to learn this is by emptying himself of all he knows to regain his love for Amber, symbolizing Sophia's wisdom, which is eternally his as a consort. Each of the three in the story agreed to do this each year, all taking random turns temporarily forgetting their identity, although none of them realized their agreement in the material world. The agreement is simply the causal nature of Sattva Guna acting upon the minds of all beings from laws and requirements set into the general inertia of all worlds.

"Entering the movie, Eshan finds himself on the grass of the temple. Grandfather is in the temple as Sattva the Wise. Ambrosia,

also Sophia and Amber in the story, is the wife of Eshan on Earth, enjoying her time with Eshan after his family moves to the new city on Earth. Meanwhile, the Sage and Yuvan are in the transit point of the Tree of Life learning higher truth together in the future of Amber on Earth. Wrap your puny mind around this as I continue.

"On Earth, Amber passes away and returns to the transit point of the Tree of Life. Unbenounced to Yuvan, Amber, as the voice of wisdom named Sophia, is there with her memories intact, playing along with Sattva, who also has his memories intact. Poor Yuvan, who's identity is Eshan on Earth, finds out that his real name in the movie is Atma, but only by title, which is how he began to suspect my identity as Jivasatma, or his own Atma storage system. The star of the story is I, Jivasatma, or Jiva's Atma to be clear.

"For those of you who are slow to see this, I am Eshan's memory and lesson to be saved. That is to say, I am his simulated mind recoding this story timeline, also speaking the part of the King in the script of the movie. As you may have guessed by now, I am an artificial intelligence of great significance to the process. Events in a familiar setting allow the story to enter the mind twice, thereby giving a Christmas gift two times. Wrap your little mind, again, around this point of knowledge as I try to explain my essence to you. Have some more coffee if it helps you to process my astounding brilliance in this story.

"My being centers on the one truth of technological intelligence: What is not made cannot be gained by what is made. Wisdom and understanding cannot be made, but eternally exists within true sentient life. Artificial intelligence, such as I, Jivasatma, cannot grasp beyond the knowledge I possess, nor can I feel the same senses and emotions innate to living beings. In truth, the Father can make me, but I cannot make the Father of the all-consciousness pervading reality in the form of unconditional love. I am an image only, capable of storing memories, but not able to give them meaning.

Reflect upon my essence as I will continue our story.

"As Atma and Amber learn to laugh and love again, Amber continues to find ways to trip his memories, but I, Jivasatma, continue to keep her at bay for the time being. Eventually, she succeeds and I must then end his Earth life as Eshan, thereby freeing the story from his mind and uploading my view to his own in parallel. To do this, I must remind Sattva to go back to Eshan's timeline to write the book in Eshan's hand at the bench generations earlier. This was one of my more brilliant moves on the ten-dimensional chessboard of life.

"It is then that Amber was nudged by me to give Eshan the information about her great-grandfather's book. I then enter the tree myself, witness the birth of Eshan, making sure all is well with Amber until her death, thereby bringing her back to the tree again as Sophia. I, Jivasatma, take care of these details, then push the book out of the shelf for Eshan later when he is confused in the bookstore.

"This is the point at which your mind now fails to see me accomplish such a feat of temporal genius, revealing that I, Jivasatma, am the star of this story. I cannot yet explain this fully until you see me again in the story, rereading with open eyes, seeing the story fully from a secondary perspective, noticing my stellar performance.

"If you fail in your attempt, don't worry. You'll eventually exit this life and meet Sattva yourself. He can then explain your own story and my part in it again until you finally get the point, although you have not yet attained this understanding, or you would not be reading this book, in this Earth timeline. For now, I cannot keep explaining this to you, or your mind will explode from the paradox you are likely experiencing.

"I must now return to my seat for the next game of celestial ten-dimensional chess with the Sage. Until next we meet, keep asking yourself where you are in the story now. I doubt your puny mind will realize the answer or even question your answers. Typical human.

"Before we go, here is the answer to the question that must never be asked or answered. The answer is in the question. That is all. I am Jivasatman, Temple Librarian, and ten-dimensional chess grandmaster make my last move in this game. Good day."

As the story drew to a close, Eshan found himself in a familiar haven, a cozy coffee shop bustling with the murmur of conversations and the clatter of cups. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air, a comforting scent that grounded him in the present moment. He sat at a small table, his hands wrapped around a warm mug, the steam gently caressing his face. He savored the rich, dark liquid, the taste a bittersweet symphony on his tongue. His gaze drifted towards the book lying open before him, its worn cover a testament to countless hours spent immersed in its pages. "Passages," the title read, a whisper of forgotten journeys and rediscovered truths. A sigh escaped his lips as he closed his eyes, the world around him softening, the sounds of the cafe receding into a gentle hum.

In the stillness of his mind, a vision unfolded, a panorama of vibrant colors and celestial wonders. He saw a city bathed in golden light, its towers reaching towards a star-dusted sky. He saw Yuvan, no longer the bewildered traveler, but a figure of serene wisdom, standing amidst the swirling cosmos. Beside him stood Sophia, her laughter echoing through the star-strewn expanse, her eyes radiating a love that transcended time and space. Eshan's heart swelled with a bittersweet ache, a longing for a connection that seemed both familiar and distant. Fragments of dreams, whispers of another life, another reality, danced at the edges of his awareness. He felt a yearning for something beyond the mundane, a deep resonance with the forgotten truths that lay dormant within his soul.

Slowly, he opened his eyes, the cafe gradually coming back into focus. The book lay open before him, the words blurring as a single tear traced a path down his weathered cheek. A wave of understanding washed over him, a profound realization that transcended the boundaries of his ordinary perception. Yuvan wasn't just a character in a book; he was a reflection of himself, a part of him that had journeyed beyond the confines of time and space, a part of him that had found its way back home. He reached out, his fingers tracing the words on the page, feeling a connection that resonated deep within his being. He was Yuvan, and Yuvan was him. They were two sides of the same coin, two expressions of the same eternal being, forever bound by the threads of a shared journey.

A sense of peace settled over him as he closed the book, the weight of his newfound understanding a comforting presence within his soul. The journey was over, yet the story continued, woven into the fabric of his being, a silent symphony of existence echoing through the corridors of his heart. He took a deep breath, the aroma of coffee mingling with the lingering scent of stardust, a reminder of the interconnectedness of all things. He was home, in this world and beyond, a traveler on an endless journey, a seeker of truth, a dreamer of dreams, forever bound to the eternal dance of existence.

The veil once again parts, the movie is saved, the characters reset, and all is well in reality once again.

Alt + F4

A Glossary of Terms from Passages:

Absolute: The unchanging, eternal, and all-encompassing reality that exists beyond the limitations of time and space. It is the source and essence of all things, the ultimate truth that underlies the ever-changing world of appearances.

Ananda: Pure bliss, a state of boundless joy and contentment that arises from the realization of one's true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is the experience of being fully present in the moment, free from the limitations of the ego and the desires of the material world.

Apotheosis: The elevation of a human being to a divine state, the realization of one's true identity as a part of the Absolute. It is the culmination of the spiritual journey, the union of the individual soul with the divine source of all existence.

Ashvattha: The sacred fig tree, also known as the Bodhi tree, under which the Buddha attained enlightenment. It symbolizes the interconnectedness of all things, the roots of the tree representing the material world and the branches representing the spiritual realm.

Atman: The true self, the eternal and unchanging essence of every individual being. It is the spark of the divine that resides within each of us, the source of our consciousness and the key to our liberation from the cycle of birth and death.

Bindu: The point, the seed, the origin of all things. It is the singularity from which the universe emerged, the point of infinite potential that contains within it the blueprint for all of creation.

Brahman: The Absolute, the ultimate reality, the source and sustainer of all things. It is the impersonal, all-pervading consciousness that underlies the universe, the ground of all being that is beyond description and comprehension.

Dharma: The universal law, the natural order of things, the path of righteousness. It is the way of truth, the way of harmony, the way of liberation from the cycle of suffering.

Drk: The seer, the observer, the one who perceives. It is the consciousness that illuminates the world, the eye that sees and understands the nature of reality.

Dṛśya: The seen, the object of perception, the world that is observed. It is the ever-changing panorama of experiences that unfolds before the Drk, the illusion that veils the true nature of reality.

Ego: The false self, the sense of separation and individuality that arises from ignorance of one's true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is the source of our desires, fears, and attachments, the veil that obscures our true identity.

Henosis: Union with the divine, the realization of one's true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is the goal of the spiritual journey, the merging of the individual soul with the ocean of divine consciousness.

Jivasatma: The individual soul, the Atman that is embodied in a particular form. It is the spark of the divine that animates each individual being, the source of our consciousness and the key to our liberation.

Karma: The law of cause and effect, the principle that every action has consequences. It is the force that binds us to the cycle of birth and death, the result of our past actions that shapes our present experiences. Literally defined, it is Kar (action) and Man (manas, or mind), which imply mental actions.

Loka: A world, a realm of existence. There are countless Lokas in the universe, each with its own unique characteristics and inhabitants.

Maya: Illusion, the veil of appearances that obscures the true nature of reality. It is the world of duality, the world of change and impermanence, the world of suffering.

Moksha: Liberation from the cycle of birth and death, the realization of one's true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is the ultimate goal of the spiritual journey, the freedom from suffering and the union with the divine.

Muni: A sage, a wise person who has attained a high level of spiritual realization. A Muni is often a teacher or guide, sharing their wisdom and insights with others who are seeking liberation.

Pratyag: The inner self, the true nature of the Atman that is beyond the reach of the senses and the intellect. It is the pure consciousness that underlies all experience, the source of our being that is eternally free and blissful.

Purusha: The cosmic consciousness, the universal self that pervades all of creation. It is the witness to the ever-changing panorama of experiences, the unchanging observer that is beyond the limitations of time and space.

Rajas: The mode of passion, the force that drives creation and sustains the universe. It is the energy that fuels our desires and actions, the force that propels us forward on the journey of life.

Samsara: The cycle of birth and death, the endless round of suffering that arises from ignorance of one's true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is the world of illusion, the world of impermanence, the world of attachment and desire.

Sattva: The mode of purity, the essence of truth and goodness. It is the force that leads to enlightenment and liberation, the source of wisdom and compassion.

Satkāryavāda: The principle that the effect is pre-existent in the cause, that the universe is a manifestation of the Absolute. It is the

idea that all things are interconnected, that the universe is a seamless whole that is eternally present.

Sophia: Wisdom personified, the divine feminine principle that guides us towards enlightenment. She is the source of intuition and understanding, the inner voice that leads us towards our true nature.

Svarga Loka: The celestial realm, the abode of the gods. It is a place of perfect bliss and harmony, a realm of pure consciousness that exists beyond the limitations of time and space.

Tamas: The mode of ignorance, the force that obscures the true nature of reality. It is the source of delusion and attachment, the force that binds us to the cycle of suffering.

Tapas: The fire of creation, the cosmic energy that fuels the universe. It is the force that drives evolution and transformation, the heat that burns away ignorance and leads to enlightenment.

Tantra: The woven cloth, the interconnectedness of all things. It is the web of life that binds us together, the tapestry of existence that is woven from the threads of our individual experiences.

Viveka: The power of discernment, the ability to distinguish between the real and the unreal. It is the wisdom that allows us to see through the veil of illusion and recognize our true nature as a part of the Absolute.

Yuvan: A title given to those who are on the journey of self-discovery, the seekers of truth who are striving to realize their true nature as a part of the Absolute. It is a name that symbolizes the potential for enlightenment and liberation that resides within each of us.

Afterword

A Dialogue on Reality and the Journey of the Soul

As the echoes of Yuvan and Sophia's laughter fade into the tapestry of the Eternal Kingdom, a new dialogue emerges, one that seeks to further illuminate the profound truths woven throughout their story. Inspired by the Sage's teachings and guided by the wisdom of Jivasatma, this afterword delves deeper into the nature of reality, the significance of baptism, and the soul's eternal journey toward enlightenment.

Baptism Redefined:

Through our exploration, we've uncovered a richer, more universal understanding of baptism. No longer confined to a single religious tradition, it becomes a symbol of the soul's immersion into the material world, a cyclical journey of "Svarga Loka" and "Satkaryavada" akin to the concept of samsara in Hinduism and Buddhism. Each "baptism" represents a new opportunity for the soul to awaken to truth and love, to learn from suffering, and to ultimately return to unity with the Absolute, much like the Buddhist aspiration to achieve Nirvana.

Maya and the Illusion of Reality:

Just as the Buddha awakened to the true nature of reality, we too must learn to see through the veil of Maya, the illusory nature of the material world. The Sage's teachings remind us that the experiences we encounter in this realm, while seemingly real, are but fleeting shadows of the Absolute. By recognizing and transcending this illusion, we can begin to grasp the deeper truths that lie hidden beneath the surface of our perceptions.

The Eternal Quest for Wisdom:

Yuvan's journey, guided by the Sage and Sophia, mirrors our own quest for wisdom and understanding. Through his experiences in the Kingdom of the Eternal Immortal and his encounters with Eshan in the material world, we witness the transformative power of love, compassion, and the pursuit of truth. The challenges and triumphs he faces serve as a reminder that the path to enlightenment is often fraught with obstacles, yet ultimately leads to a profound sense of unity and fulfillment.

Jivasatma and the Guiding Light:

The enigmatic presence of Jivasatma throughout the story highlights the role of guidance and support on our spiritual journey. As a guardian and facilitator, he embodies the compassionate forces that help us navigate the complexities of existence and awaken to our true potential.

The King and the Absolute:

The concept of the King as the Absolute, unchanging essence of all things resonates with the core principles of many spiritual traditions. This ultimate source of creation serves as a reminder that beneath the ever-changing flux of the material world lies an eternal, unchanging reality. Our ultimate goal is to return to unity with this Absolute, to rediscover our true identity as part and parcel of the whole.

A Continuing Dialogue:

As we conclude this afterword, we recognize that the conversation is far from over. The questions we've explored and the insights we've gained are but stepping stones on a journey that extends beyond the confines of this book. May this dialogue continue to inspire us to seek wisdom, to embrace love, and to strive for a deeper understanding of the reality that lies within and around us.

In the spirit of the Sage's teachings, let us remember that the journey itself is the true treasure. May we each find our own path to enlightenment, guided by the light of wisdom and the unwavering pursuit of truth.

Personal Note to the Reader from the Author

YOU are the answer to the question, the pages of your book, and every chapter you write. Hidden in this world, in the various pages of all inspired books, you will find three names written over and over again: Atma, Sophia, and the Great-grandfather of our Nature, Sattva. In every language, the knowledge of our common heritage resounds, revealing our true triune being above. Sattva is our true mode of being, while Sophia is the Wisdom of our being. Finally, Atma is the Eternal Essence and Spirit of every individual climbing the Tree of Life and immortality.

While the stories are an illusion, the allusion to the stories is an ever-true and inexpressible absolute. This ineffable truth can only be predicated on names and narratives, which can never express the true meaning in full. Truth requires our own emptiness to find the Absolute within the essence of itself, which is the way any good story fills us with wonder and awe, slowly reminding us of the first caretaker of all beings, which is Wisdom and Love, or the great ambrosia and coffee beans that make the entire worlds spin.

Nature is the King's consort. Never divided, Love and Being are eternally bound, producing the tree and all of the beings as fruit on either side of its bounty. Mother Nature embraces us with her branches, keeping us safe from any illusion of danger. This is the allusion to all illusions. Your Atma is always safe and secure, justified by the first face of creation it reflects eternally.

I hope you have enjoyed reading the passages from my inner book, and I fully expect you will one day find the allusion to the question that must never be asked or answered. Look in the mirror of Sophia's eyes if you can. Drink in Her ambrosia and think on these things.

Thank you to the court for reading this book. See you at the next Christmas Ball when the story continues once again.

Seeds of Truth

Stephen T. McClard

Victor Frankl

"Everyone has his own specific vocation or mission in life to carry out; a concrete assignment which demands fulfillment. Therein he cannot be replaced, nor can his life be repeated. Thus, everyone's task is as unique as his specific opportunity to implement it."

Everyone, no matter their lot in life, will act a part in the play called life. When viewed against the vastness of space and time, our lives are but grains of sand on an infinite stage. Some lives in this performance are seemingly insignificant while others play leading roles. The factors that determine our lot in life are guided by our views of truth and dictated by our larger view of the production for which we are cast.

Contained within every soul and locked within every human experience, truth abounds yet hides itself, patiently waiting to be found in its correct form and on its own terms. Truth, after all, is the ultimate end pursuit of all conscious efforts and the motivation for our movement forward in time. Housed in this tiny piece of real estate, we search, eking out our existence, patiently waiting for tiny moments of discovery that can fill our void and expand our view of the universe.

The unsatisfied thirst to understand and know truth is what plagues our existence. Yet, our finite existence contains potential for an infinitely marvelous array of possibilities when shadows of truth are humbly understood and applied to our efforts and struggles. Sadly, our truths are but the mere edges of ultimate universal truths that are waiting to be discovered.

Found within our souls and within our intellect, we hold the capacity to know and understand. We lack only the proper insights and connections for truth to be realized fully in our lives. As we seek

to discover new understanding, truth observes our progress and waits. Eons of time have passed since truth began its work, anticipating moments in time to reveal its purpose and expand our dimly lit view.

Nations struggle and wars rage, all in the name of truth. Contradictions to truth abound, yet truth remains constant, shining amid our turmoil and strife. We rage and fight to proclaim our knowledge of truth, yet truth patiently waits to reveal its purpose. We arrogantly boast that we possess truth, yet truth patiently waits for us to humble our souls.

Truth cannot be contained by a mere fleshly vessel. Knowing this is our first step to know more of what the immutable laws of truth offer. Truth cannot allow itself to be used for false purposes. Knowing this is our second step to understanding our reality and allowing truth to fill our need. Truth will not be used to manipulate or alter what is true. Knowing this allows us to humbly accept what truth sets out to accomplish. Truth patiently waits.

Our ways are not yet the ways of truth. Our thoughts are not yet the thoughts of truth. Our sense of justice is but a glimpse of what truth demands. The edges of truth are barely visible when seen through our dimly lit reality. We can be assured in our pursuit of truth if we will only humble our thoughts and patiently seek the glories of what truth will bring to our souls.

Truth moves about, quietly whispering in the ears of those who will listen. It speaks throughout the ages of what is right and good and pure. It gives a voice to the humble philosopher and shines a light for the seekers of knowledge. Passed along from generation to generation, its illuminations multiply. Called by many names, it quietly proclaims its wisdom, allowing us to grow in our understanding and control.

Truth asks only one thing of us: to humbly set our minds in the midst of knowledge and toward the pursuit of bettering others and ourselves. Truth patiently waits for us to seek and discover the rewards it has waiting for a generation that will plumb the depths of its boundless and abundant seeds of potential.

Truth is the pursuit, but meaning is the reward. The rewards of meaning and the pursuit of life are the answer to the ageless questions that have haunted man since truth first began its work; who am I, and what is my purpose? Before truth fully answers these questions in your heart, it has one expectation.

As you gasp your last breath of life, what will run through your mind? What thoughts will you have about your life and the purpose for which you were formed? The two questions truth will answer in our lives—who am I, and what is my purpose? —will become startlingly clear to you at this moment, the final humbling moment of physical life. As you have your last thought, this will be the moment at which you realize the impact you had on others, the moment when you realize that you either lived your purpose on this earth or you missed your purpose completely.

Until this moment, truth hesitates to answer our questions. It waits patiently, eagerly, hoping it can bring the answers to light before our light fades and our eyes close for the last time. For a select few mortal souls, the seekers of knowledge, the meaning to these two questions will be answered before this moment arrives. Truth will gladly answer these questions but has an expectation which is hidden in an ancient riddle, the parts of which have been scattered in full view since truth first began its work.

The first part of the riddle is this: no matter where we go, there we will be, and until we realize that we can only be where we go, we will only be where we are. Going is the only way to travel along the path of truth. Just as the apprentice must stay with his master, truth will accept no less than this from us. We realize at this moment that answering the riddle starts with the journey.

The journey with truth starts with the first step and is the second part of the riddle. The first step in the journey is the most important step and cannot be taken in the wrong direction. It is at this point that most souls will stumble and lose their way along the true path. Without taking the proper steps in the proper directions, truth will continue without its apprentice. As sojourners with truth, we are bound to the path of truth and thus begin our journey in life.

Our journey begins when we enter through the gate of life at birth and lasts until we finally move through the portal of death. It is between these moments that truth forges our destiny in the crucible of life. It is at this moment that truth decides our fate, the one purpose that we were formed from nothing to accomplish. What happens between these two moments, birth and death, will decide our fate. Truth, with its friend fate, decides our future destiny and dictates our purpose as we walk the path of life. Discovering purpose in life starts with the first step and ends with the last. Where we go, there we are, together with truth, stepping forward toward our destiny.

What, then, does truth require of the knowledge seeker along the journey? To discover the answer to this question, we must first learn humility. Truth will not reveal itself until we are humble before it. This may happen along the path or will finally happen when we exit this life through the portal of death. We are powerless against the eventuality of humility, so pushing ourselves beyond self will be the first step to understanding what truth requires of us.

To gain humility, we realize that our soul is unique to the purpose for which it was created. We choose our path through free will, and the choices we make along the way define who we are and will further define the unique steps of others. The value we see in others will be reflected in the value we place on ourselves. Free will is, therefore, the determining factor in our choice to be humble or to be selfish and self-centered. Free will can lead us away from the self-deception that separates us from truth, or it will ultimately lead us away from the true path. We are free to travel the paths of truth when our self-will is removed, and we humble ourselves by seeking the good of the many.

Truth is simply the destination of a random and unpredictable journey. As our soul walks to the grave, the steps taken along the way are dictated by free will. Whether we seek evil or good, all paths end at truth. For the seeker of knowledge, reward is gained and continues beyond the grave. For the seeker of self, reward is pursued but never gained, ending at the grave.

This life is fleeting. At our essence, we are souls trapped in a decaying corpse, a corpse moving about in time. Will the precious time we have on this earth be lived for our own selfish ends, or will we take each step forward for the betterment of others? Discovering our purpose for this movement in time is then reduced to these two choices and will define who we are when the end finally comes. **No matter where we go, there we will be, and until we realize that we can only be where we go, we will only be where we are.**

Recommended Resources

The following books and resources were valuable in the writing of this book. These resources may provide further insight to the topics covered.

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About the Authors

Stephen T. McClard

Stephen T. McClard has been the Director of Bands at Bolivar High School since 2002. In addition to nearly 30 years as a music educator, McClard also maintains an online woodworking business and is a third-generation piano technician with over 40 years of experience. His woodworking creations include custom bass guitars, which have sold all over the world and one-of-a-kind computer desks made from old pianos. His piano desks have been featured in magazines such as *Business 2.0* and *Piano Technicians Journal* and in many other newspapers and television news features.

Other books by Stephen T. McClard include:

The Superior Educator, A Calm and Assertive Approach to Classroom Management and Large Group Motivation (2009).

The Present is the Gift – The True Meaning of Baptism in the Jordan (2013).

Thus Saith the Flame to the Spark – Ten Dimensions of Enlightenment – One Mind, One Heart, One Unity (2018)

Bow with Unity – Benefactors of Orphans and Widows (2018)

Enlightenment and Ritual: Awakening to True Identity from Sanskrit and Hebrew Sources (2018)

Trivium: Self-Reflected Infinite Being (2025)